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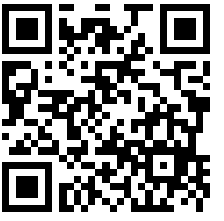

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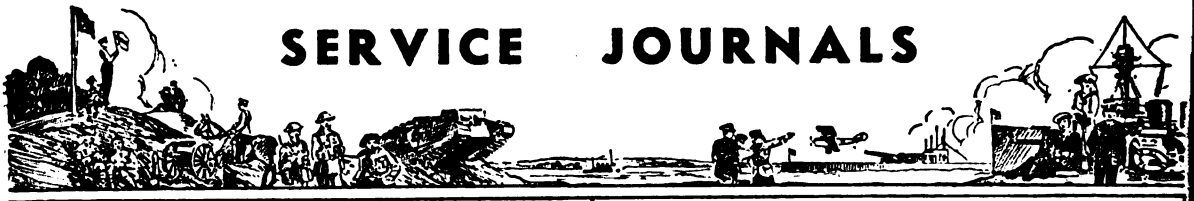

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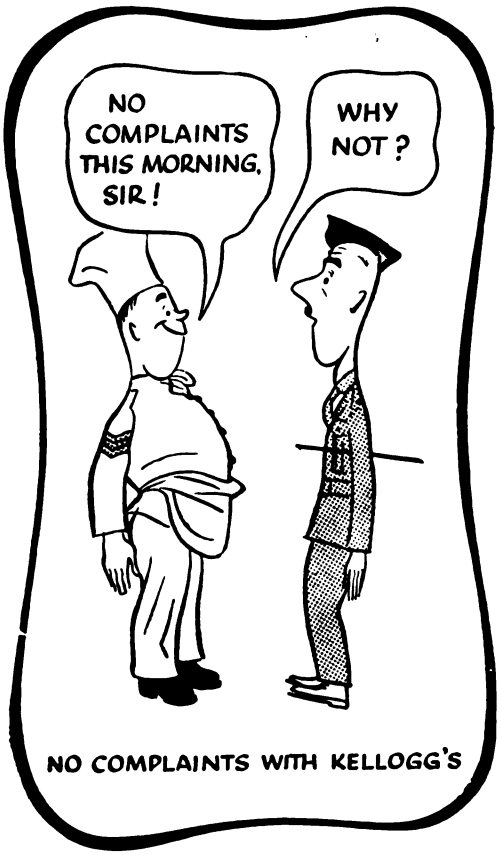

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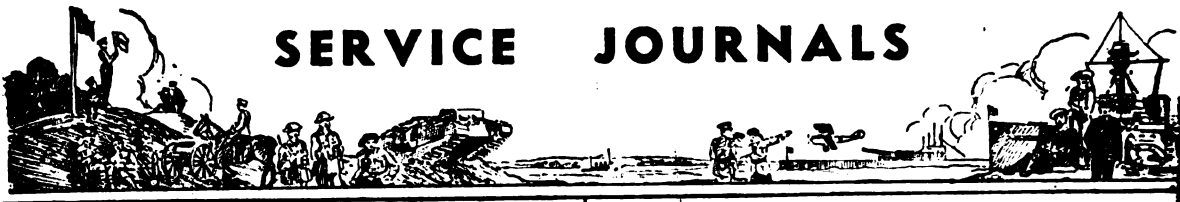

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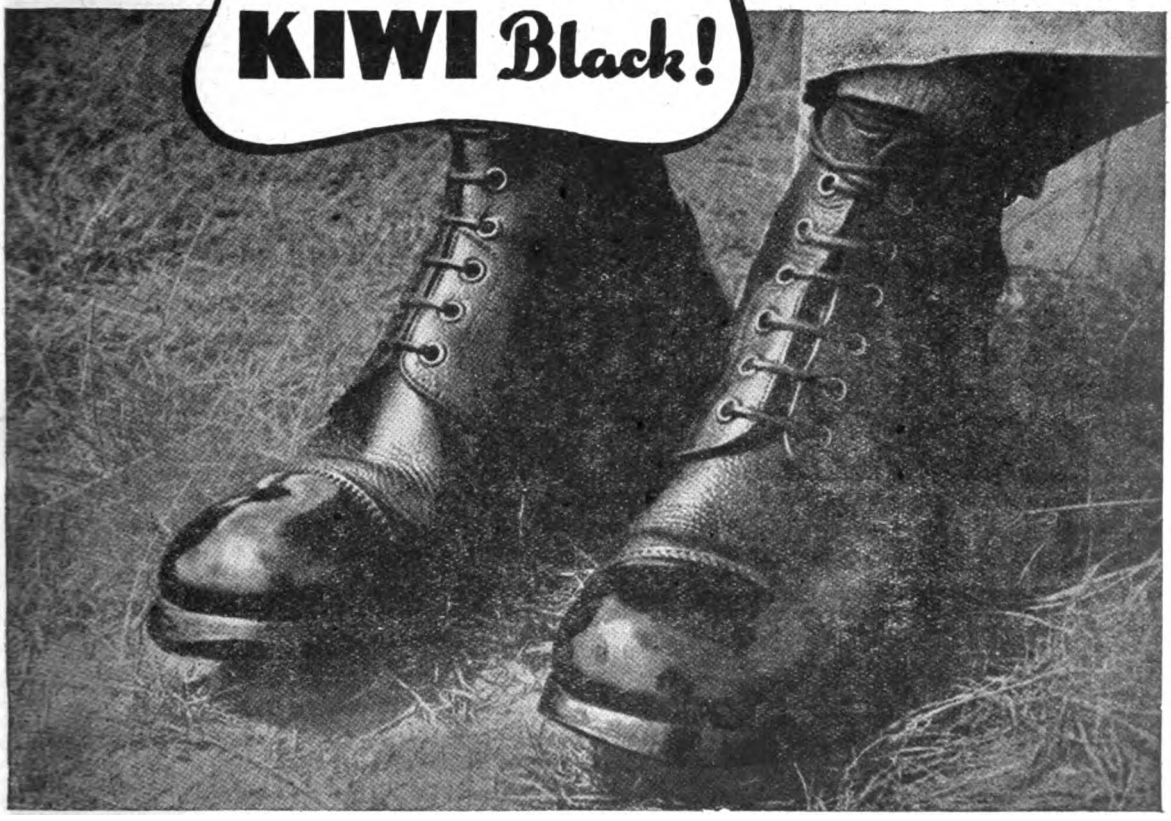

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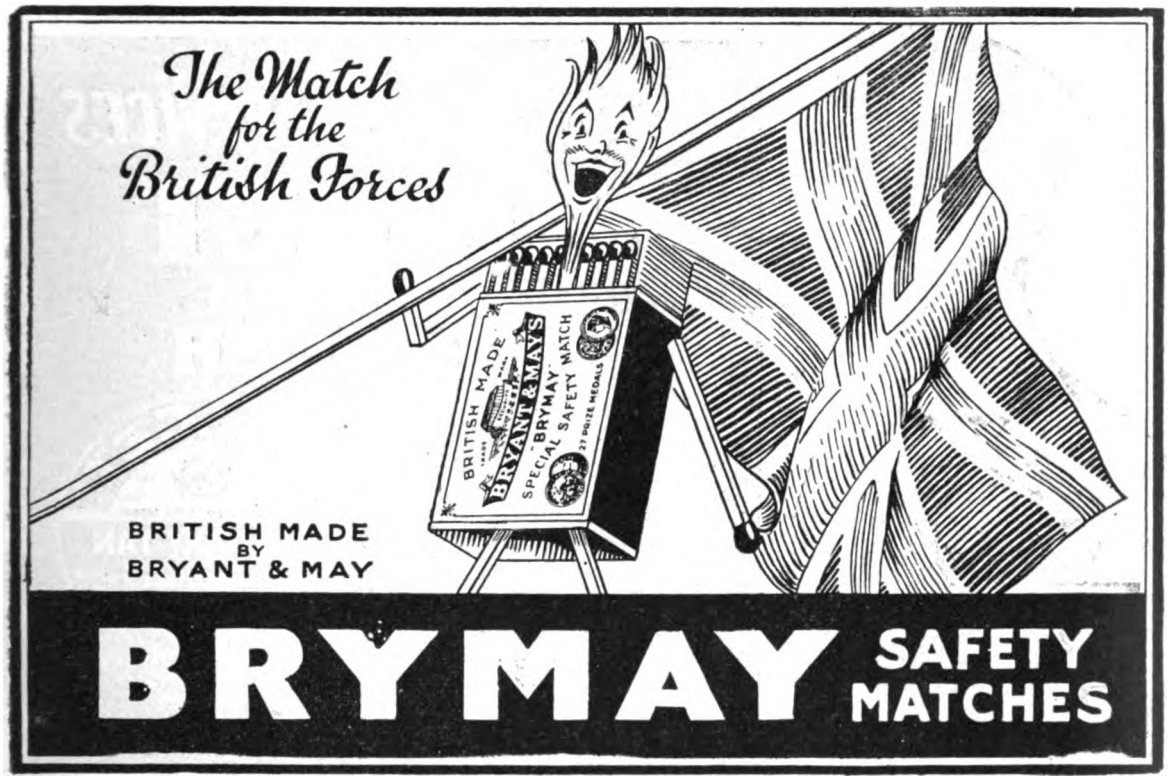

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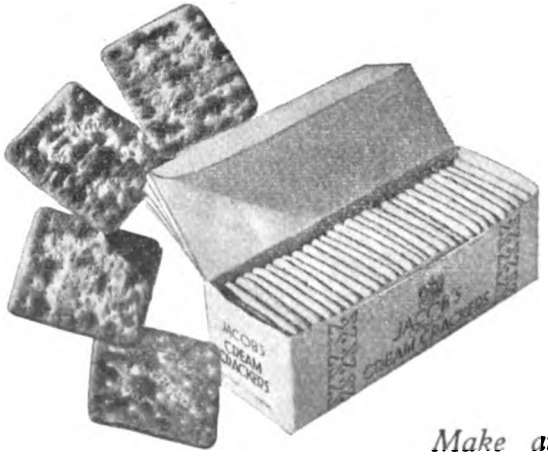

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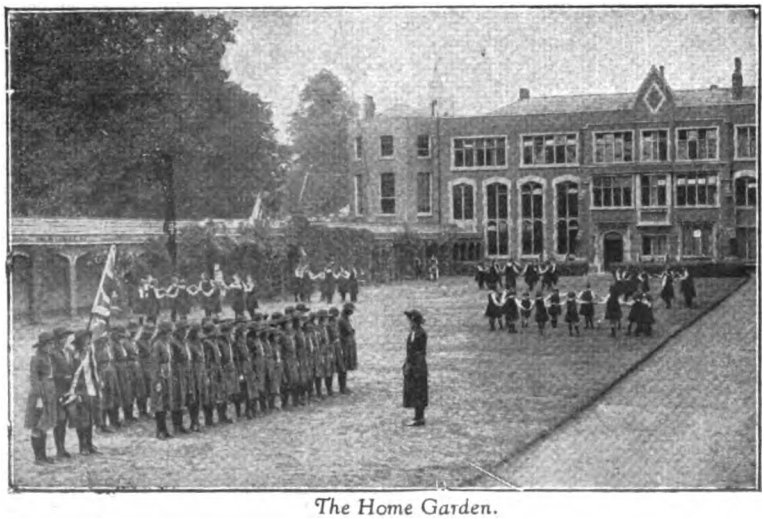

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THE CAVALRY JOURNAL

MARCH, 1942

WITH THE SANCTION OF THE ARMY COUNCIL.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

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THE 1ST (ROYAL) DRAGOONS—BRIGHTON 1866

by Orlando Norie

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

HORSED AND MECHANIZED

MARCH, 1942

THE ROYAL DRAGOONS AT BRIGHTON, 1866

The frontispiece to this number is from a water-colour drawing by Orlando Norie, of "The Royals" at a field day—on the occasion of the regiment being inspected by Major-General Lord George Paget (Inspector-General of Cavalry), who is no doubt the officer on the white charger by the windmill.

Headquarters and four troops of the regiment had been quartered at Brighton since August, 1865, the remaining three troops being on detachment at Shorncliffe, but the whole regiment was assembled at Brighton and Lewes for this inspection.

The artist Orlando Norie was a most prolific painter of military subjects, especially cavalry, in which he excelled, and this water colour of "The Royals," is, in my opinion, one of the most delightful specimens of his art.

He had a long innings, the earliest picture I have in my collection is about 1847, and the last is, I think, a large drawing of the Indian Cavalry Contingent in the Diamond Jubilee Procession, 1897.

GODFREY BRENNAN.

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EDITORIAL

THE annual general meeting of the Committee of the CAVALRY JOURNAL was held at the Royal United Service Institution on 21st November, 1941, and it was with regret that it was decided that this number would be the last one published until the cessation of hostilities, the actual paper shortage being mainly responsible for this decision.

The Committee hopes, however, that subscribers will continue their subscriptions, as they did when the JOURNAL ceased publication from 1914 to 1918, with the result that the JOURNAL was able to restart publication on a sound financial basis.

The Committee would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have contributed to the success of the JOURNAL in the past, and hope that they will help to maintain the high standard which it has always held among Service publications.

THE COMMITTEE.

OBITUARY

LIEUT.-COLONEL R. F. HEYWORTH

TIMES, *January* 24, 1942.

It is with the greatest regret that the news has been received of the death in action in Libya of Lieut.-Colonel Reginald F. Heyworth, of "The Royal Dragoons." He was the only son of Colonel C. F. Heyworth-Savage, of Bradwell Grove, Burford, and married in 1923, Moyra, elder daughter of the second Lord Tweedmouth, who survives him with two children. Educated at Eton and Sandhurst, he joined "The Royals" in 1914, and

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served with them during the Great War. He was Military Secretary to F.M. Sir Philip Chetwode, when Commander-in-Chief in India, and was given command of the regiment in August, 1939. "The Royals," after 280 years' mounted service, were mechanized during his command, and in their new role have been fighting in Libya and Syria. It was only on Christmas Day that it was announced that the regiment was the first unit to enter Benghazi. He proved a most efficient and popular commanding officer, combining both qualities which do not often go hand-in-hand. "Reggie," as he was known to all his friends, who had a great affection for him, is a great loss, not only to them and the regiment, but also to the Army.

SIR PHILIP CHETWODE'S TRIBUTE

Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode writes:—

An exceptionally large number of people, especially cavalry soldiers, must have experienced a feeling of personal loss when the news came through that Lieut.-Colonel Reggie Heyworth, of "The Royal Dragoons," had been killed in action in Libya. The death of such a good soldier and such a charming man leaves a gap which will be difficult to fill, for, above all, Reggie was the most lovable character. In the many years I have known him, I never heard anyone mention his name without adding the words "dear Reggie." He was my personal Military Secretary in India when I was Commander-in-Chief, and that is a very close association. I saw him every day, and spent many weeks of every year touring India with him by train and motor, and no more charming companion could have been found. He was an outstanding example of all that was best in cavalry regimental life. With him the safety, honour, and welfare of the regiment came first, always and every time, and his own interests last, always and every time, and I venture to think that when he became Lieut.-Colonel of the Royals he was more content than he would have been in any other appointment, however important it might have been. Hard-

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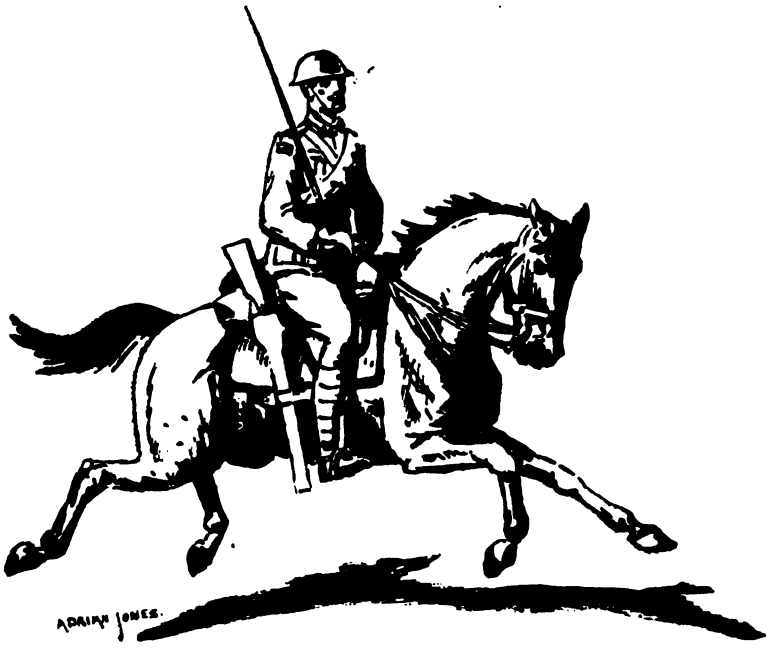
working, well-informed, thoroughly up to date in these rapidly changing times, as he was, his most outstanding characteristic was reliability. When you gave Reggie a job, you forgot about it, for you knew it would be done and, if you add to that a naturally quick judgment, an eye for a country that many years of hunting had given him, you have qualifications which are eminently suited to training modern cavalry in their new role as the spearhead of armoured forces.

A very gallant gentleman passes over in the manner he would most have approved of ; he lived long enough to see The Royals, whom he had trained, enter Benghazi first, the regiment he himself had made and moulded.



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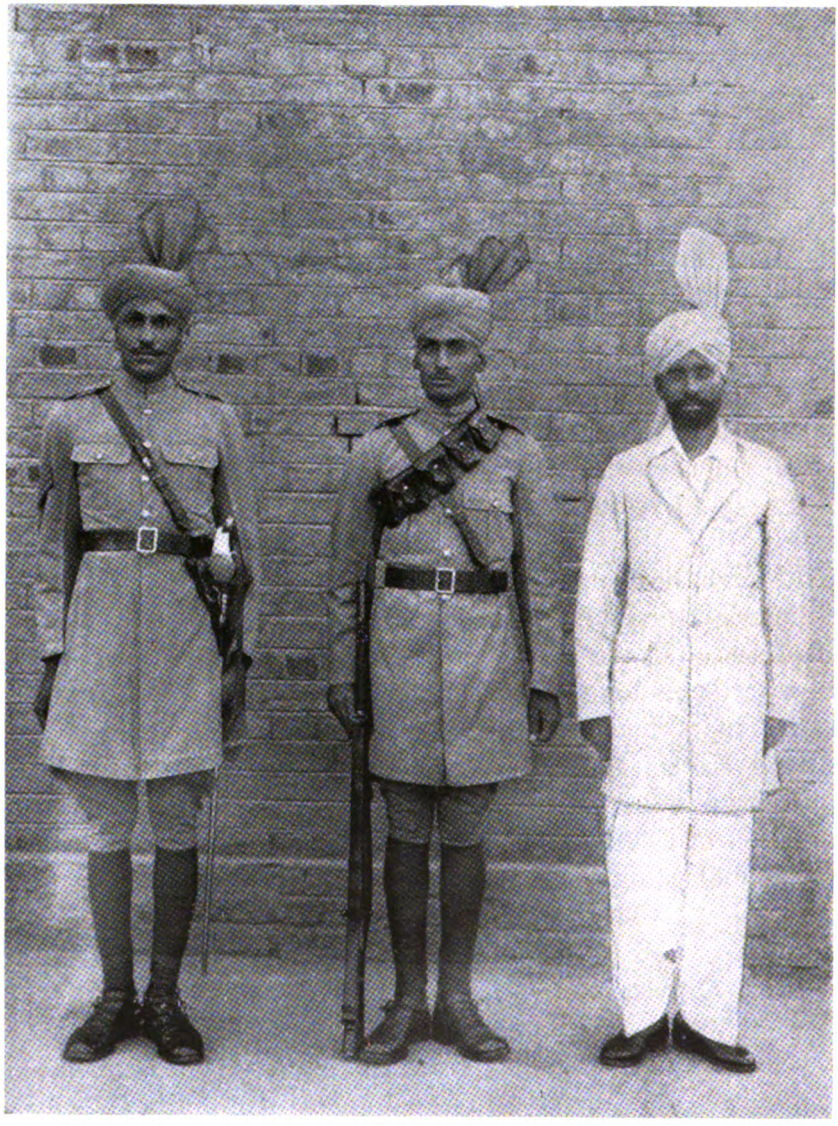

TYPES ENLISTED IN SKINNERS HORSE

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"*ABYSSINIA* 1940–1941"

The Indian Cavalry Regiments of the Campaign

By "Invicta"

The early official communiques which, in response to the public demand, gave the names of the corps which had played a part in the East African theatres of this Greater War did not detail the particular regiments of the cavalry of India, but with the fall of Gondar the India Office now reveal the names of the two that will bear on their regimental scroll the honours for the actions which cleared the Fascist Legions from their ill-gotten territories and restored the Lion King of Judah to his ancient throne.

Although little known outside India, these two regiments —Skinner's Horse (1st Duke of York's Own Cavalry) and The Central India Horse (21st King George V's Own Horse)—both have records, as long and illustrious in the service of the British cause as that of any of their better known Imperial brothers. Skinner's Horse, the only corps in the Armies of the British Empire who wear a yellow coat, came into being two years before Nelson cleared the seas at Trafalgar. The Central India Horse cannot claim quite the same antiquity, since they entered the Army List at the time when Whitehall relieved the Honourable East India Company of the Government of India after the cataclysm of 1857.

The histories of the two Corps have little in common, save that both enjoyed for many years the great privilege of having King George V as their titular regimental commander. Queen Victoria honoured Skinner's Horse by appointing the then Duke of York their Colonel-in-Chief in 1899; and King Edward VII created him Colonel-in-Chief of The Central India Horse, when his style had changed to Prince of Wales, in 1906. Thus

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arose their subsidiary titles—that of The Central India Horse had originally been "Prince of Wales Own," but following normal Indian practice it was changed when the late monarch ascended the throne. Skinner's Horse became an exception to this general rule and their subsidiary was not altered when the heir to the Crown ascended the steps of his heritage. Both regiments were selected by Roberts for the famous march from Kabul to Kandahar in 1880. Both served in France and Flanders, 1914–1916. Both were the Commander-in-Chief's selection for mechanization when the decision was taken in 1939 to modernize a second pair of Indian cavalry regiments.

In the early years of the nineteenth century the French trained troops of the Mahratta Princes then at war with the British received a most unpleasant shock. They were defeated. This set many of them thinking. In 1803, in the gory battle for Delhi, Lake again shattered any illusions they might have had as to their invincibility. Many felt it was time to change their employers; most certainly did one unit of Scindia's forces —Perron's Horse. Whether they gave the Maharajah proper notice is not recorded, but we do know that the bulk of them offered their services to Lord *Lik Sahib*, who gladly accepted them, as well as their conditions—never to be led against Scindia and, that *Sikandar Sahib* should lead them.

James Skinner, the offspring of a Scot and a Rajputni, enjoyed amongst Scindia's men a reputation for prowess and bravery second to none. Although he had previously saved Scindia's life on the field of battle, that unscrupulous worthy dismissed him when the Mahratta confederacy decided upon a trial of strength with the British. Scindia's French generals refused to re-employ him when Skinner's great power of leadership might have saved them the day; and so in disgust he offered his sword to Lake.

So begins the story of Captain Skinner's Corps of Irregular Horse in the Honourable Company's Bengal Army.

The "Yellow Boys" were not long idle. They surprised the Sikh chiefs about to join hands with Holkar; and with the

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now 8th Hussars and the old 27th and 29th Dragoons pursued him for 500 miles and brought him to complete defeat. Campaigning in those days was rather leisurely ; not so the fourteen days of Holkar's pursuit. The going averaged fifty miles a day : the horses were rarely unsaddled : the men slept under arms : the horses and their riders subsisted on the standing crops. The pursuit was in fact one of the great cavalry feats of history.

The Mahratta War came to an end, and with it so nearly did Skinner's Horse. During the war the Commander-in-Chief had assured the Corps of permanent employment in the post-war forces. But the civil government, whilst admitting the promise, after the manner of almost all governments at the conclusion of an expensive war, ignored it ; and much to Skinner's disgust ordered disbandment in 1806. Skinner, however, was allowed to keep on a nucleus, more or less as personal retainers.

It was not long before the Sikhs began to threaten the Company's territory. Calcutta began to get anxious. Obviously disarmament had been dangerous. Changed minds ordered Skinner to recruit up to 800, and his irregular corps was employed to patrol the frontier. The work of Skinner and his men began to attract attention. More and more expansion was decreed, and by the year of Waterloo, Skinner's Horse had developed into a corps of three regiments, with Skinner in command, assisted by his brother Robert.

The reversal of policy that followed the Mahratta War led to the whole of Central India becoming infested with roaming robber bands, principally disbanded soldiery of every race and tribe, who lived by pillage and plunder. Their depredations being encouraged by the Mahratta princes, again war had to be made. In this two-year job—1817–1819—Skinner's Horse shouldered a not unworthy share.

By 1819 conditions permitted the disbandment of the 3rd Regiment. And to appease Robert Skinner, who was becoming irksome at being under big brother James and desired to have a command of his own, the 1st and 2nd Regiments were separated and the command of the 2nd given to Robert. There-

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after—except for a short time in 1838 when they were brigaded under the elder Skinner—both had a separate existence and went different ways for over a century.

James took the 1st Regiment on service before Bhurtpore in 1824, when Lord Combermere succeeded, where Lake had failed in the first Mahratta War, in bringing that Jat fortress to submission. The regiment earned its first battle-honour; James received a C.B., a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the British Army, and the local rank of Brigadier. This pleased him mightily, since the question of his rank had long been a sore point to this remarkable character who started life as a printer's apprentice, and who lies at rest in the church which he built, the now famous St. James overlooking the ruined ramparts of Old Delhi. Old Sikandar's descendants still worship in the family pew, facing which is a tablet on which is recorded the names of the regiment's commanding officers.

Robert Skinner's death in 1821 gave the command of the 2nd Regiment to a Captain Baddeley, and the unit was styled "Baddeley's Frontier Horse," the title "Skinner's Horse" not being revived until 1901. The honours now borne—"Ghuznee, 1839." "Khelat," "Afghanistan, 1839" were earned by the 2nd Regiment under Baddeley's name.

The next honour of the Corps—Candahar 1842—comes from the gallantry of a detachment of the 1st Regiment in that Afghan battle; their fight was severe, 108 troopers falling for ever out of the 180 engaged.

The 2nd Regiment took part in the important short Gwalior campaign of 1842. At Mahrajpore a weak troop routed completely a Mahratta square, capturing the standard and all the cannon. The 2nd Regiment also found heavy employment in the 1st Sikh War three years later, being engaged in the battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, and Aliwal.

During the construction of the Ganges canal in 1854, the 1st Skinner's Horse were utilized as contra-sabotage patrols. The yellow coats must have made an impression on the not

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favourably disposed "locals," for when the civil department took over the duty, they dressed their watchmen in similar attire. And this is the reason for the yellow garment still worn by minor officials in the Irrigation Department of the United Provinces to-day.

After the Great Mutiny—in the suppression of which both regiments saw much hard service—reorganization was the order of the day. The irregular cavalry that had survived were brought on to a regular basis and the renumbering of the regiments made the 1st Skinner's Horse the 1st Regiment of Bengal Cavalry and the 2nd, the 3rd Bengal Cavalry. Although there were subsequent minor variations of title, the numbering remained unchanged until 1921; the subsidiary title "Skinner's Horse" was not officially permitted, however, until 1901.

Something also had to be done about the improvised units formed during the Mutiny from detachments of loyal men of the regiments which had now been effaced from the Bengal Army. Several of these had been employed hunting down insurgent bands in Central India. The Government decided that the jungles of Central India, the home of the dacoit and the tiger, must be held by a special military force so that law and order could be preserved in a territory where those qualities were not held in any great respect. And so units known as Mayne's Horse, Beatson's Horse, the Manipuri Levy, and Meade's Horse were absorbed into a corps of three regiments to be known as Mayne's Horse.

This new force was to be somewhat unique. Although the men were to be enlisted for general service, the corps' actual duties were to be purely local. Also it was not to be under the orders of the Commander-in-Chief but those of the Agentto t he Governor-General at Indore. The commandant was to exercise political and magisterial powers.

Mayne, the first commandant, was a very able soldier with an excellent record in the Mutiny, but he could not hit it off with the civil Agent-General; there were ructions, and his removal

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was recommended. The Government of India concurred, sent Mayne to another post, and ordered, on the 6th September, 1860, that the Corps be re-named The Central India Horse, and six months or so later ordained that there were to be two regiments instead of three.

The command of the C.I.H. was much sought after, and was held by many distinguished officers of the Indian Army—Daly from the Guides, Sam Browne, V.C., Dighton Probyn, V.C., Watson, V.C., all of whom had raised the Indian regiments which bear their names to-day. Their sons also served in the Corps, the command of the C.I.H. in France during the Great War being held by Colonel Browne, son of the famous Sam the inventor of the equally famous belt.

Being a local corps, neither of the two C.I.H. regiments had much chance of seeing service. A composite regiment joined the Kabul force and earned the honour for the march to, and the victory at, Kandahar during the Afghan War of 1879–80. Both regiments of Skinner's Horse were also in the campaign. At Kila Kazi, had it not been for the gallantry of a *sowar* of the 1st Skinner's Horse, the afterwards great Field-Marshal Lord Roberts would have lost his life. The junior Skinner's earned the bronze star for Kandahar.

A composite regiment of the Central India Horse, and the 2nd Skinner's Horse took part in the operations of the big blaze on the North-West Frontier in 1897.

The activities of a secret society known as the Heavenly Fists, but more popularly the Boxers, in 1901, caused an International force to be sent to China ; it also caused a little world-wide publicity for the 1st Bengal Lancers owing to the spirited charge they made with American cavalry during the advance to Pekin.

The C.I.H. did not get the same publicity when they sent a composite regiment to East Persia in 1911 to put a stop to the constant molestation of British subjects by unfriendlies whom the weak Shah could not keep in check.

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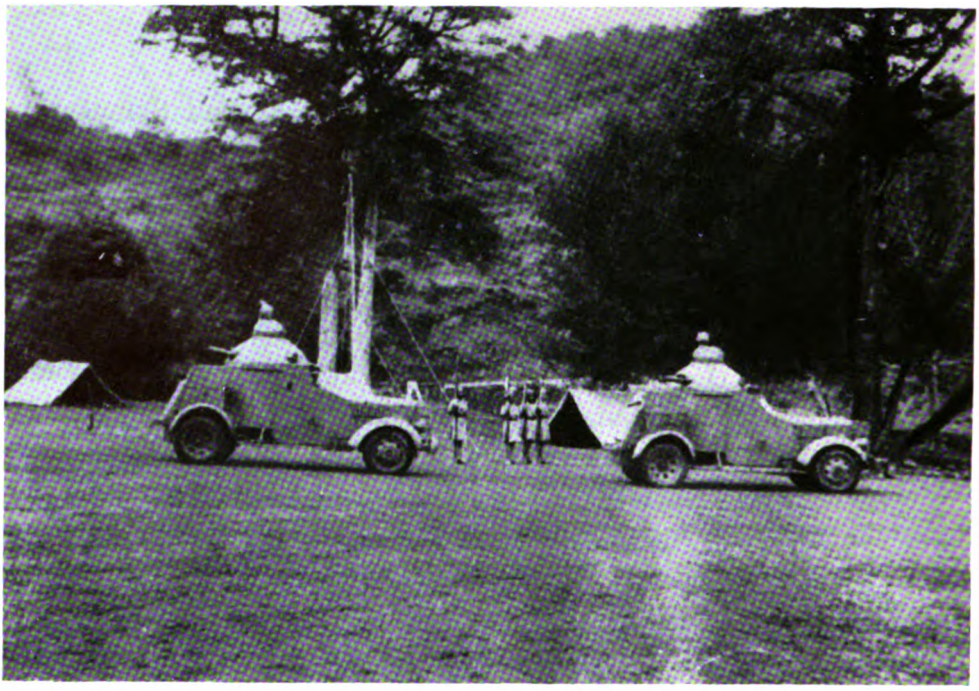

THE OLD GUARD SALUTES THE NEW
A.F.V.'s LEAVING CAMP PASS THE LANCER GUARD

MECHANIZED INDIAN CAVALRY
A PATROL ENQUIRES THE WAY ON THE NORTH WEST INDIAN FRONTIER

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In the Great War, the 2nd C.I.H. and the 2nd Skinner's Horse were in France by the end of 1914. After a stay of two years, the former went off to join Allenby for his cavalry drive in Palestine; the latter back to the North-West Frontier, where on the 19th and 20th February, 1918, eighty men of the regiment showed such spirit against repeated attacks by tribesmen, that the action was merited by inclusion in the official list of actions and battles of the Great War. The 1st Skinner's Horse were on the Frontier throughout 1914–1918; they were in many border actions, particularly in Baluchistan for which they received an honour.

The post-war reductions of the Indian Army almost halved the number of the cavalry regiments of 1914. Amalgamations were ordered which resulted in there being only one regiment of Skinner's Horse, and one of the C.I.H.

The change from oats to petrol was no more welcomed in the Indian Cavalry than it was in the British, but what had to be, had to be. The change was not without its humour. At one regimental centre, when the A.F.Vs. arrived, for some mysterious reason they would not start, and they had to be pushed up to the cantonment by the regimental *syces* who had been sacked that very morning.

Mechanization was undoubtedly rapidly effected, and, within less than a year The Central India Horse found themselves with the redoubtable Armoured Division in the Western Egyptian Desert harrying the Italians; while Skinner's Horse were sent to assist in ejecting Mussolini out of East Africa. The terrain of the North-West Frontier was a playground when compared with the mountainous vastness of Abyssinia. Advances had to be made along winding tracks up the sides of peaks, some of which rise to over 10,000 feet, through deep gorges where the enemy used every advantage which the ground gave him to fight a series of desperate delaying actions.

As the campaign progressed the C.I.H. were brought down from Egypt to Eritrea where they played an infantry role at Keren. They were then re-mechanized as cavalry for the great

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pursuit to Asmara, which town they were the first unit to enter. Thereafter they were given an independent task chasing the enemy to the south, with no artillery or infantry support, for 230 miles to Amba Alagi. This mountainous fortress towers 11,000 feet, and over part of the approach there is only one road. All the official report says is "A bridgehead on this road was rapidly seized by a squadron of Indian mechanized cavalry." And that is all that can be written at this time, beyond that when Amba Alagi fell the C.I.H. returned to the Western Desert. Skinner's Horse remained to finish the campaign, having faith in their motto—they are one of the few Indian regiments to possess one—"*Himmat i mardan madad i Khuda*"—(The bravery of man is by the help of God).

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STATE CARRIAGES

By Lieutenant-Colonel Ernest Ryan, T.D.

The news of the war-time mechanization of the Household Cavalry, now on active service as part of the Royal Armoured Corps in the Middle East, directs one's thoughts to those occasions, such as the Coronation and that of the State Opening of Parliament, when in armour of a different description they formed the glittering escort to the State Coach of Their Majesties. While looking forward to the peace which will bring about the return of pageantry, some account of this equipage and of other famous State carriages, may be of interest.

Early State Coaches

Coaches like hussars came originally from Hungary. Just as the berline of our ancestors or that more modern carriage, the landau, are both called after these German towns where they were first made, so the coach—the word has nearly the same sound in almost all European languages, though variously spelled as *coche*, *caroche*, *kutsche*, *koets*, *katsi* and *kocsi*—is named after the Hungarian village of Kocs where it originated. That which made the difference between it and its predecessor, the passenger waggon, was due principally to the suspension of the body on leather braces. Ladislaus, King of Hungary, made a present of one to the French King Charles VII, in 1457, the body of which "trembled," and it was greatly admired by the Parisians. At Coburg two ancient carriages are preserved which are the oldest vehicles now existing in the world. One

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of these built in 1584 for the marriage ceremony of Duke John Casimir, Elector of Saxony,* to Anne of Saxony, has the body hung from four carved standard posts surmounted by crowned lions, evidently developed from the ordinary standards of the common waggon. The very high wheels have wooden rims, the joints of the felloes being covered with small iron plates about ten inches long, instead of complete iron tires. Mounting steps which must have once existed in order to enter it, have been lost.

Early in the sixteenth century, these Hungarian coaches, gilded all over and with crimson satin hangings, were possessed by the rulers and by many of the aristocracy all over the Continent. They were especially numerous in the Netherlands, a country at that time even more prosperous than Germany, and which bred a race of carriage horses, which are, to the present day, found most suitable for drawing these heavy vehicles. From there they were introduced into England about 1555, probably by Henry Manners, second Earl of Rutland.

Queen Bess was the first English monarch to use a coach. A print by Höfnagel dated 1582, shows one used by her and which was brought out of Holland, as having the form of a shell, with waving ostrich plumes on the roof. It had no doors, and the sides are open instead of being closed by curtains as was customary, so that "all her subjects present might behold her, which most gladly they desired." It was not suspended, so that Elizabeth complained of "aching pains" from being shaken about in it. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at, that when she made a Royal Progress from London to Exeter, she preferred to ride on a pillion. In the print just mentioned, is a second carriage for her ladies with what were called "boots"

* There is also there the *body* of a coach which is much older, having been built for the use of Duke Frederick of Saxony in 1527. It shows signs of the iron hoops by which it was hung. Another similar coach body built in 1549 is at Verona in Italy. The second intact coach at Coburg, was also made for Duke John Casimir, for the occasion of his second marriage in 1599.

When the Parade of Historical Vehicles was being arranged for the Royal Show at Windsor in July, 1939, the German Ambassador was interested and arranged for these carriages at the Coburg Museum to be taken out and photographed for exhibition at Windsor by the National Horse Association of Great Britain.

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built out at the sides, in which persons of lower rank sat sideways, uncovered and exposed to the weather. Not till later Stuart times did coaches become completely closed.

By the beginning of the seventeenth century, coaches had become common in England. During the Commonwealth it was the fashion to drive in "the Ring" in Hyde Park, the Lord Protector's coach proceeding at a gallop, pursued backwards and forwards like a hare by a multitude of other coaches. On one occasion, having dined not wisely, he rashly decided to drive himself an unmade team of six grey Oldenburg horses,* which had been presented to him, with a postilion on the leading pair, but using the whip too freely, the horses bolted so that the postilion could not hold them. The coach overturned and Cromwell falling from the box and thence to the ground, was dragged for some distance by his feet catching in the harness, a pistol which he carried in his pocket, exploding. The Cavaliers hailed with delight the fall of this dictator of three realms, celebrating the occasion with lampoons. Nearly fifty years later, William of Orange, when riding in the park at Hampton Court, broke his collar bone through a fall from his horse, which stumbled over a mole hill. He was brought from there to Kensington Palace in his coach, and received such a shaking, that he died, a fortnight later, from a fever. For long after, the Jacobites drank a toast to "the little gentleman in velvet," but it seems that they might also have clinked their glasses to the coach!

Samuel Pepys (1633–1703) the celebrated diarist and his rather less well-known but more revered contemporary, John Evelyn of Wotton (1620–1706), both possessed coaches, and the former makes frequent references to it in his diary. "Glass Coaches" with glass front and sides, as well as windows, and which are still known by the same name, came into general use during the period of the Restoration, causing quite a scandal. Pepys records that my lady Peterborough being desirous of

* This breed still exists in Germany as draught animals, being classed with the Hanoverian and Holstein breeds.

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saluting a friend whom she saw passing in another coach, ran her head through the glass of the window, which was so clear that she thought it was open. Later, Addison (1672–1719), Dean Swift (1667–1745) and Sir Richard Steele (1672–1729), both of Dublin, and Dr. Johnson (1709–1784), frequently treat of coaches in their writings, Abroad two old generals, too infirm to ride but full of ardour, charging in their six-horse *carrosses*, threw against the English squares the white-clad cavalry of the King of France, in what is known as " La guerre en dentelles." This brings us down to the middle of the eighteenth century, from which time have come both of the most famous State Coaches still in use at the present time, the " Coronation Coach " and that of the Lord Mayor of London.

His Majesty's State Coach

The Royal State Coach of Great Britain (see Illustration I), also known as the Coronation Coach and as that of King George III, was built in 1762, replacing one " covered with purple cloth " made for George I.* It has been used for the coronation of every monarch since George IV, and also for each yearly State Opening of Parliament, except during the latter part of the reign of Queen Victoria. The builder is unknown, but it was designed by Sir William Chambers, a famous architect. Its weight is 4 tons 5 cwt., length 24 feet (pole 12 feet in addition), width 8 feet 3 inches, and height 13 feet. The total cost was £6,491, of which £2,500 went to the carver. This, moreover, was the taxed bill, some £400 having been knocked off the original one.

The general effect is very gorgeous, though according to modern ideas rather cumbersome and over-elaborate. Four Tritons or sea deities, part man part fish, support the body of the coach from their shoulders by braces, which are covered

* This Coronation Coach of George I, is to be seen in the collection of State Coaches in the former Royal Palace of Herrenhausen, near Hanover.
It is curious to call to mind that, were it not for the Salic Law which prohibited a woman from ascending the throne of Hanover, our king would still be by right, the legal king of Hanover.

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I.

HIS MAJESTY'S STATE COACH

II.

HIS MAJESTY'S IRISH STATE COACH

III.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SEMI-STATE COACH AND COACHMAN

IV.

HIS MAJESTY'S STATE ROAD LANDAU

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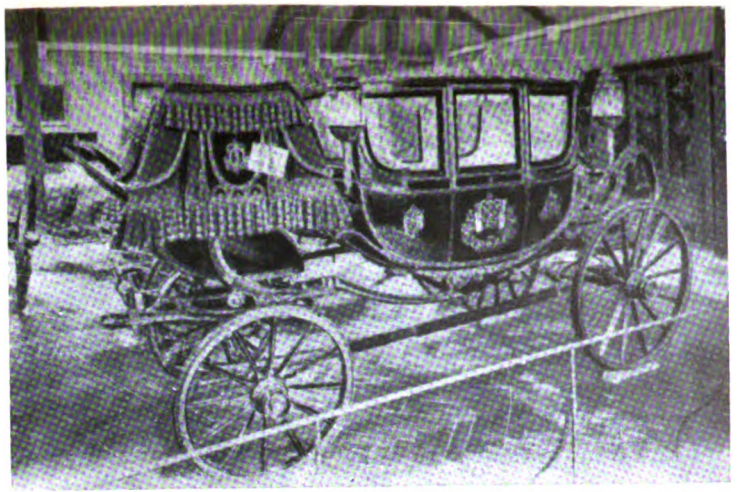
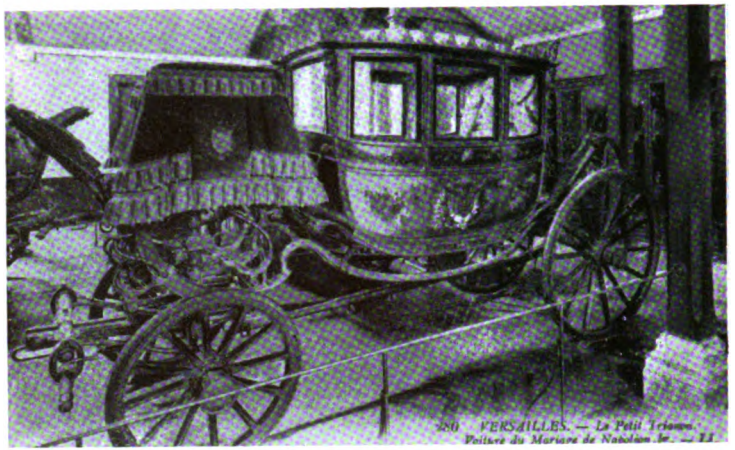
V.

ROYAL SEMI-STATE LANDAU AND FOUR BAY HORSES



TSAR NICHOLAS II's STATE COACH AT VERSAILLES

VII.



NAPOLEON'S WEDDING COACH AT VERSAILLES

VIII.

CHARLES X's CORONATION COACH AT VERSAILLES

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with Morocco leather and ornamented with massive gilt buckles; those in front being represented as sounding shells to announce the approach of the monarch of the seas, while those at the back carry the imperial fasces topped with tridents. There is now no coachman's seat, but his footboard in the form of a large scallop shell, remains. A double perch, which was a characteristic feature of eighteenth century coach-building, connects the front and back of the undercarriage. The pole represents a bundle of lances and the wheels are imitated from those of the ancient triumphal chariots.

The body of the coach consists of eight palm trees, which, branching out, sustain the roof, on which stand three boys representing the Genii of England, Scotland and Ireland, supporting on their heads the Imperial Crown. The front and sides between the palm trees, are filled in the upper parts with plate glass, and below with panels adorned with paintings of allegorical subjects by the Italian artist Cipriani* (pronounced Chipriahny); on the upper back panel is the Royal Arms. The interior of the coach is lined with crimson velvet embroidered with gold. The harness is of red Morocco leather with breast collars, and has richly gilt mountings (Coats of Arms), and is decorated with ribbons.

The cream horses which were used formerly, were brought here originally by George I from Hanover. During the fifteenth century this breed was employed for royal ceremonies in Spain, and Queen Isabella the Great presented a horse each to various German nobles who had been in her service, which were later requisitioned by the Elector of Hanover for his own stable. In 1921, the stud here, having become very inbred, King George V decided to give them up† and the coach is now drawn by eight

* Cipriani was born in Florence in 1727 and came to England in 1755. He restored some of Antonio Verrio's paintings at Windsor, and Rubens' ceiling in Whitehall Chapel, now the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution.

† The last survivors of this stud are now at the Whipsnade Zoo, having been presented to the Royal Zoological Society by Sir Garrard Tyrwhitt-Drake from his private zoo at Maidstone. They are descended from three animals presented by King George V to Sir Garrard, and are pure cream with blue eyes.

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bay State horses, many of which are purchased in Holland.* For the Coronation, eight grey horses ("Windsor Greys") were used. The coach, which incidentally was regilt for this event by a firm which specializes in work on the royal carriages, was till the beginning of this century driven from a box seat, but this has been removed to afford a better view of Their Majesties through the glass front of the carriage, the horses being driven by four postilions in full State livery, eight grooms similarly attired walking at the horses' heads. Footmen and Yeomen of the Guard are by the coach, which has a Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry.

It may be said that His Majesty's State Coach, though it suffers from the defects of its period, and may offend some of the critics by its association of Tritons with palm trees, which incongruities were traditional, nevertheless expresses as few other vehicles could, the pomp and circumstance of great occasions.

The Lord Mayor's State Coach

This carriage (see large illustration) shares with the Royal State Coach, the affection of the London populace, when it makes its annual appearance in the Lord Mayor's Show. It was in 1711 that Sir Gilbert Heathcote rode for the last time on horseback in his State procession, since which date the Lord Mayor has been driven in his "chariot." History does not record what became of the original coach, but in 1757 the existing coach was built by subscriptions of £60 each from the several aldermen under the Chair. When an alderman was elected Lord Mayor the subscription was raised to £100, which amount was "to be allowed him for ornamenting and beautifying the coach." The total cost of the "chariot" is given as just over a thousand pounds, which seems cheap compared with that of the Royal vehicle. In 1778 the then proprietors of the coach having

* Mr. Richard C. Balls, who has bought these animals, tells me that he obtains them principally from small farmers who raise them as pets, so that they are extraordinarily tractable. They come chiefly from the district around Utrecht.

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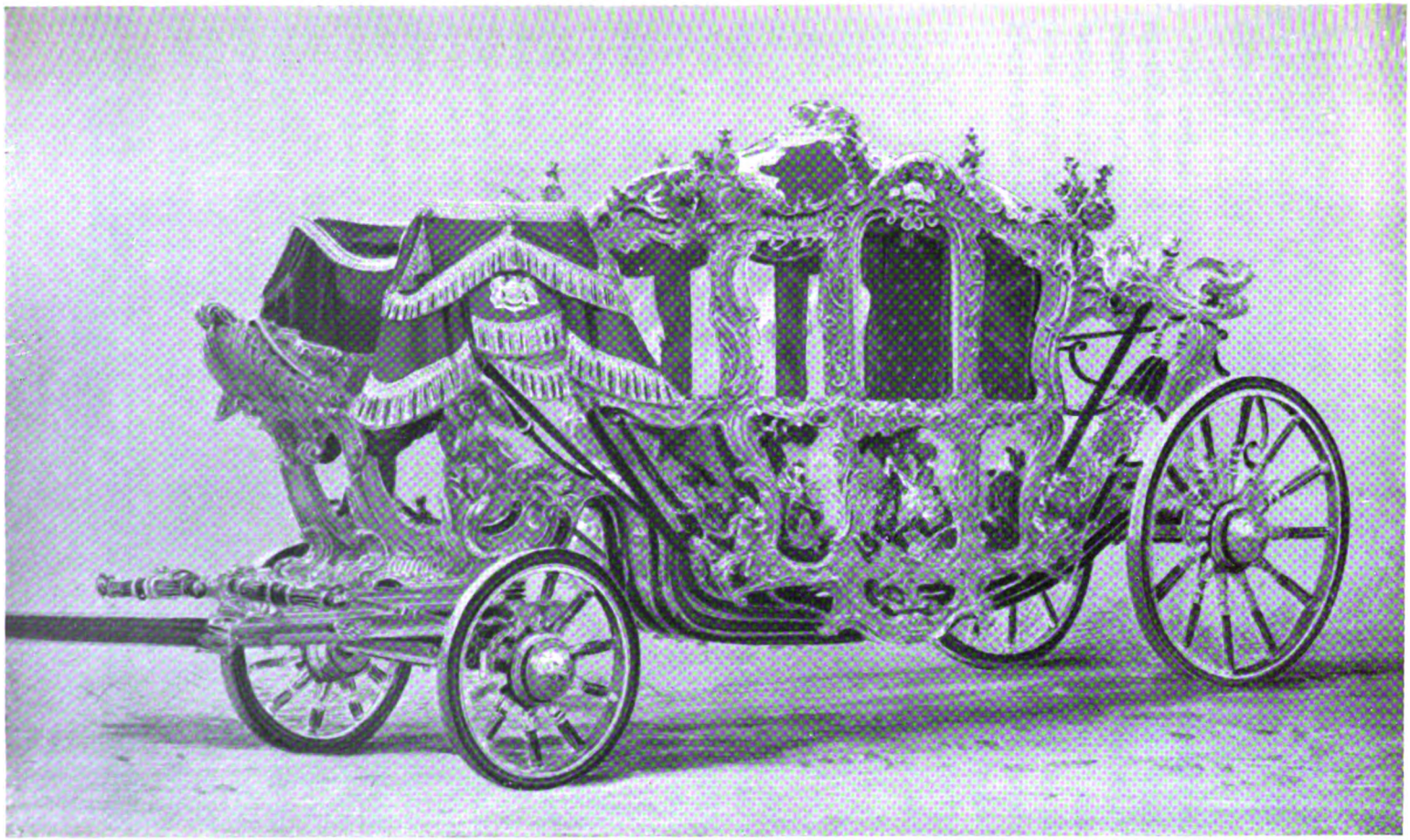

THE LORD MAYOR'S STATE COACH

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relinquished their rights therein to the Corporation, the Common Council took it over, and it has since been kept in order by the General Purposes Committee.

By whom the Lord Mayor's coach was built cannot now be ascertained. It has been stated that it is George I's old coach which, as already mentioned, was discarded in 1762, the story being that this coach was purchased by the City of London and repainted, but it is now known that the Royal coach is at Herrenhausen. It resembles in structure His Majesty's State Coach, being elaborately carved, and the panels are also supposed to have been painted by Cipriani, the heraldic devices being attributed to Catton, one of the foundation members of the Royal Academy. The framework at the back is ornamented with Griffins, which are the supporters of the City Arms, the latter being placed in the centre. The body is gilt, but the double perch, wheels whose hubs are covered with massive gilt bosses, and the roof, are painted red and gold. On the centre of the roof remains only the truncated base of the ornamental top which was formerly there, consisting of a group of boys supporting baskets of fruit and flowers.

The outstanding difference from the Royal State Coach, is that the Lord Mayor's Coach is still driven from the box seat, which is supported by a pair of figures and covered with a hammercloth* embroidered with the City Arms. Six horses are used to draw it, a postilion guiding the leading pair. The present Lord Mayor's coachman, George Frederick Granger, (see illustration III) who is a worthy successor to the famous Alfred Wright, has driven for twenty-five Lord Mayors before the war, and for ten Sheriffs previously. He is now acting at Guildhall as a door-keeper, as his coach has been removed to the country for safety. He says that the Lord Mayor's Coach weighs 4 tons 10 cwt., and is five years older and 5 cwt. heavier than the King's Coach. His gala livery consists of a three-

* Said to be so-called, because the box beneath the seat used to contain a hammer and other tools necessary in case of a breakdown. Sometimes written as "hammock cloth," suggesting some kind of suspension.

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cornered gold-braided hat with ostrich feathers and powdered wig, richly embroidered velvet tail-coat with epaulettes, white vest, plush knee-breeches, silk stockings and buckled shoes.

In the procession, the coach, which incidentally is said to be more comfortable to ride in than the Royal State Coach, is preceded by the City Marshal on horseback and the Lord Mayor's servants in State liveries with athwart cocked hats. Grooms in plain livery walk on either side of the horses. Inside it sit in addition to the Lord Mayor, his Chaplain, the Sword Bearer* and the Mace Bearer. It is followed by a detachment of Cavalry, which was usually drawn from the regiment then stationed at Hounslow. The coach took part in the Coronation procession. The Lord Mayor does not keep a stable, his horses being hired from a well-known firm of jobmasters, but as this firm is gradually giving up horses, it may be necessary after the war to make some new arrangement.

Glass Coaches

Probably the most beautiful carriage in the Royal Mews† is the "glass coach" known as the Irish State Coach (see illustration II). In 1852, when Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort visited Dublin, this carriage was purchased from Mr. Hutton, who was then the Lord Mayor of Dublin and a coachbuilder. The body is painted a purple lake colour, and

* The Sword Bearer's fur hat, splayed out at the top like the original Hungarian busby, dates from 1546 when Sir Martin Bowes presented the City with "a very goodly royale hatt" to be worn by him. In these days the Sword Bearer wore a silk or velvet hat in summer and a fur cap in winter, but only the one cap is worn to-day, a cap of sable fur with black silk lining. This is worn on all occasions, even in the presence of the Sovereign. The crown is of dark port-wine red velvet. It has been placed on the shield of arms in place of the dragon's wing crest, but it is doubtful if it ever had any heraldic significance, and it is certainly not to be mistaken for a cap of maintenance. The earliest representation of the cap is in Green's "History of the English People," with a contemporary print of 1623.

† The Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace, which were built in 1823 by Nash, taking the place of the old Royal Mews at Charing Cross, could be viewed before the war on application to the Master of the Horse or the Superintendent. The visiting days were Wednesdays and Saturdays from 2 to 4 p.m. They cover three-and-a-half acres of ground, the stables and harness rooms being on the left of the courtyard and the coachhouses on the right. There is also a riding school which is one of the largest and most imposing of its kind in the country, occupying the site of another school which was formerly there.

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is supported on elliptic* and Cee springs with a red perch undercarriage, and the proportions of the vehicle are perfect. It has at each corner a chased brass lamp topped with a crown device. The door panels bear the Royal Arms, with crown, supporters and mantle, and on the lower quarter panels is the collar of the Order of the Garter encircling its Star. Around the roof is solid roof cresting of very fine workmanship, and in its centre the Crown. Over the hind axle is a standard for the footmen. The scarlet hammercloth bears the Royal Arms, and the vehicle is drawn by a pair of Cleveland Bays.

This graceful carriage was used by Queen Victoria on the few occasions when she opened Parliament during her widowhood, instead of the old State Coach. In fact the latter, which had then a driving seat and was referred to as George III's Coach, was according to the Driving Volume of the Badminton Library, being exhibited at South Kensington in 1873. The Irish State Coach is now used at State Ceremonies such as Levées at St. James's Palace. Four footmen in full State clothing with velvet caps, stand on the back when it is occupied by the Sovereign, or two when he was represented by the Prince of Wales. On other State occasions such as the several Royal Marriages which took place between the two Wars, a less elaborate bridal glass-coach, without a crown on the roof, was employed. The coachman and footmen then wore State liveries, with a three-cornered hat for the former and athwart cocked hats for the latter, standing behind. Queen Mary drove in the Irish Coach, its hammercloth draped in mourning, at the funeral of King George V, and it was used in the carriage procession of the Royal Family at the Coronation.

Another carriage which figured in the Coronation ceremonies is the Speaker's Coach. This antique vehicle, which was designed by Daniel Marot, a Dutchman, in 1698, and given by the Crown to the Speaker of that time, is without brakes and

* Elliptical springs were introduced in 1805 and revolutionized carriage building, displacing the former universal heavy perch undercarriage, which is retained only on State Carriages, Four-in-hand Coaches and Mail Phaetons. Cee springs and leather braces were used on Landaus and Victorias, when these were made with a perch and elliptic under-springs.

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is drawn by a pair of Shire horses. Legend has it that it was the coach used by Oliver Cromwell when he was upset in Hyde Park, but as this incident took place in 1654, it would make the Speaker's Coach nearly fifty years older than it appears to be from the above particulars. This coach and a contemporary one in the City of Nottingham Museum known as the Baskerville Coach,* are considered to be the oldest vehicles in this country.

The Speaker's Coach, which is of carved oak, weighs over two tons, and has paintings on the panels added in the eighteenth century, and which are, as usual, ascribed to Cipriani. Its outstanding feature is in the interior, which is upholstered in plush, there being a low bench between the seats with two recesses cut out from the floor inside the doors, for the legs of Mr. Speaker's mace and train bearers, who sit back to back on the bench—relic, of course, of the old Elizabethan " boot." The doors are brought down below the level of the floor to enclose these recesses, so that they almost touch the ground. The coach is entitled to an escort of one Lifeguardsman, and each Speaker has his crest added on the side of the body. It is kept in one of the vaults of the House of Lords, whence early on Coronation day, Captain FitzRoy rode in it to the Abbey. The coachman was one of Messrs. Whitbread & Co's brewery draymen, attired in Mr. Speaker's livery with three-cornered hat. In 1839 Mr. Charles Shaw-Lefevre (afterwards Lord Eversley), who was then Speaker and also a partner in Whitbreads, secured for the firm the privilege of horsing the coach, hence the Shire horses.

Two glass coaches belonging to the Mansion House are also fully worthy of notice. They are used by the Lord Mayor for State functions, varying from a Charter Day celebration at Romford to a visit to Olympia, and also by the retiring Lord Mayor in the Lord Mayor's Show. The first of them was built

* This John or Thomas Baskerville who is described as having held the office of a High Sheriff, appears to have been rather an impostor. He was a printer, and his coach of a greenish tint with baroque decorations, bore the real Baskerville arms to which he had no right whatever. It has a leather hood and could be used closed or open.

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for the then Lord Mayor, Sir Polydore de Keyser, in 1887, by the well-known firm of Messrs. Offord, for Queen Victoria's Jubilee, taking the place of the old State Coach, which is now in Norwich Castle Museum. The body is hung on Cee springs and a swan-necked double perch in steel allows a "full-lock" to the vehicle for turning in the narrow City streets. The interior is upholstered in blue and gold silk. The second coach* (see illustration III) was constructed for Sir Marcus Samuel in 1902 by Messrs. Peters, another famous firm of coachbuilders. It has four large brass lamps of chased design, each surmounted by the City Griffin. There is a brass cornice round the roof, and the interior is lined with white silk brocade. Both carriages are drawn by four horses driven from the box, seat four persons, and weigh 2½ tons each. There are also belonging to the Mansion House four four-horse "chariots" for the Sheriffs of the City of London, built at the beginning of the present century by Messrs. Thrupp & Maberly, two of which are driven in the Lord Mayor's Show.

The Dukes of Norfolk, Beaufort and Bedford, and Lords Crewe, Derby, Fitzwilliam, Spencer, and Caledon, all have their State Coaches, some of which, with footmen on the back, were driven to the Abbey at the Coronation. Two notable museum specimens† are the State Coaches of Earl Darnley and Lord Clare, the latter of whom was Lord Chancellor of Ireland at the end of the eighteenth century, and had much to do with the passing of the Act of Union in 1800. Both have stood for many years in the hall of the National Museum of Ireland (formerly known as the Science and Art Museum) in Kildare Street, Dublin. Earl Darnley's coach, which was built about 1720, is

* Only one of these carriages is used on any occasion, but these two firms (which are now amalgamated) had each a contract to supply the Lord Mayor's Carriage and did this in alternate years. Hence also the existence of four Sheriffs' coaches.

† The Victoria and Albert Museum has the State Carriage of the Marquess of Lansdowne and the Science Museum, South Kensington, the dress chariot of the Duke and Duchess of Fife. The York Museum has the family coach of the Earl of Feversham, Hull Museum those of the Earls of Mansfield and Yarborough, and the Notts Museum that of Viscount Galway. Hoopers, London, have the dress landau of Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra, and Vincents of Reading, King George IV's post chaise which was also used by Queen Victoria for her first journey to Scotland, sleeping in it when the coach was on the rail. The Abbey Folk Park, New Barnet, has also an interesting collection of old horse-drawn vehicles.

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hung very low, with the doors reaching nearly a foot below the bottom of the body, probably with the idea of hiding the steps. There is a wide space between the coachman's box and the body of the vehicle, as it was then the fashion to have pages reclining here facing the occupants of the coach, as well as the footmen on the standard behind. Lord Clare's coach, constructed some eighty years later, has the supporting leather braces attached to whip springs instead of the old rigid wooden posts, and the sides are made flat. Another Irish vehicle is the old State Coach of the Lord Mayor of Dublin now standing at the Mansion House in Dawson Street. The last Lord Mayor's Show was held in Dublin forty-two years ago during the term of office of Sir John Pile,* who was created a baronet on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to Ireland. January 1st was the annual date instead of November 9th in London. George III's posting chariot (date 1760–1770), which is in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, is of enormous length and the hind wheels are higher than an average person

State and Semi-State Landaus

Landaus are generally supposed to have been invented at the Bavarian town of that name in 1757, but the name occurs in a poem in the " Gentleman's Magazine," about a tax on coaches which was levied in 1747. It is essentially the old coach made to open when required. As originally constructed the hood would open only half-way, and the smell of the leather which required continual oiling and blacking, was a serious disadvantage. About 1838 a new form of hood was designed by a coachbuilder in Holborn which could be laid nearly flat, and this with other improvements made it the most widely popular carriage. Abroad where taxis have not supplanted it, it remains the favourite one or pair-horse hackney carriage.

His Majesty's State Road Landau (see illustration IV) was specially built for King Edward VII by Messrs. Hooper in 1902,

* This Lord Mayor of Dublin was the father of Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Pile, G.O.C.-in-C. Anti-Aircraft Command, who began his military career as a horse gunner. Since this article was written, Sir Frederick has been promoted General.

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and was first used by him for his visit to the City of London in connection with his Coronation festivities. Being a State vehicle it is, of course, constructed with a perch undercarriage and Cee springs, though private landaus were nearly always made with elliptical springs only. It is over 18 feet long. There is no driving seat as the vehicle is designed to be driven by postilions. Between the hind springs, is a rumble for two footmen. The carriage is painted a light shade of purple lake with gilt mouldings of overlapping oak leaves, marking the contours of the body and rumble.

The doors, with the back and front panels, bear the Royal Arms with motto, helmet and garter, and on the lower quarter panels is the collar of the Order of the Garter encircling its Star and surmounted by the Tudor crown. Over the forecarriage is a "splasher" of crimson patent leather. Ornamental brass lamps with crowns, are carried in brackets at each corner of the body. The interior is upholstered in crimson satin and laces which are of British manufacture throughout, being woven in Spitalfields, and the hood is lined with silk. The rumble is covered with crimson leather.

Without any of the extravagances of the old State Coach, this modern State Carriage lacks nothing of regal splendour. It is drawn by six bay horses: six of the Windsor Greys were however used for the procession to St. Paul's, in connection with the Thanksgiving Service on the occasion of King George V's Silver Jubilee. It is also used on State occasions during visits of foreign Sovereigns or Presidents to this country, both for the drive from Victoria to the Palace on their arrival, and for the customary visit to Guildhall. Amongst those who have been driven in it before the last war, were the Kaiser and his Consort, when they visited this country in 1907. Kaiser Wilhelm came in the uniform of his Death's Head Hussars with a grim skull and crossbones on his brown busby, decorated with a large osprey plume, and a fur-trimmed cloak over his braided tunic. On the visit to Guildhall, the carriage stopped at Oxford Circus for the presentation of an address, the Kaiser sitting back looking

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exceedingly proud. Since the Great War, it has been used for the visit of King Albert and the Queen of the Belgians in 1921, of King Ferdinand (who also came in a hussar uniform) and Queen Marie of Roumania in 1924, Ameer Amanullah Khan of Afghanistan and his Queen, Souriya, in 1928, and of President and Madame Lebrun representing France and King Carol of Rumania and his son, Crown Prince Michael, (who has, under Nazi direction, now succeeded him) in 1938. When His Majesty drives in State in it to the City, the carriage is halted at the site of Temple Bar marking the City boundary, where he is received by the Lord Mayor, who performs the traditional ceremony of surrendering to him the City Sword, which is then graciously returned, an act which symbolizes the close relations which have existed for centuries between the Crown and the City. Other State Landaus driven or with postilions, and drawn by a pair or four horses, are used for the Royal suites, in all State carriage processions.

Semi-State Landaus (see illustration V) are used on ceremonial occasions in the Royal Processions, when circumstances do not warrant the wearing of full State dress. They are lighter and less ornate than full State Landaus, though retaining the perch undercarriage and Cee springs, and are drawn by four bay horses. They were used for the four processional drives through London, which His late Majesty made during the celebrations of his Silver Jubilee. Similar carriages are used at Ascot for the picturesque drive up the Course, but here four Windsor Greys* driven by postilions in full State dress and preceded by two outriders also mounted on grey horses, are used for Their Majesties' carriage. A rider is also placed between each other carriage in the State Procession.

Foreign Carriages

The only State carriages in use on the Continent at the beginning of the present war, comparable in any way with the State carriages of Great Britain, were those of Queen Wilhelmina

* The Windsor Greys were founded by King George IV when Prince Regent.

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of the Netherlands. Each year on the third Tuesday in September, then known as *Prinsjesdag* and now called by Dutchmen their "Day of Freedom," Her Majesty used to drive in her "Golden Coach" from the Royal Palace at the Hague to the ancient Ridderzaal (Hall of the Knights), there to open the new Session of the Dutch Parliament.

This "Golden Coach" was drawn by eight of the magnificent heavy carriage horses which are still bred in Holland, a postilion guiding the leading pair. The remaining six—which is the greatest number of horses that it is possible to have in hand—were driven by the Royal coachman, wearing a livery, strikingly similar to that of the Lord Mayor's coachman, with embroidered overcoat, grooms and court servants walking alongside. The cavalry escort was provided by the half-regiment of Royal Dutch Hussars stationed at the Hague, corresponding to our Household Cavalry. Their full dress is very similar to that of British hussars. The coach is of modern build with the traditional double-perch undercarriage and Cee springs, having on the panels scenes representing the races of the Dutch Colonial Empire. The elaborately carved wheels with ornaments between the spokes, have rubber tyres. The four lamps have female figures as lamp brackets, and other figures on the roof support a crown with underneath a large "W." The hammercloth has a medallion with the Dutch lion. Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard of Lippe-Biesterfeld travelled in this carriage for their marriage at the Hague, on January 7th, 1937, Queen Wilhelmina and Princess Armgard, mother of the bridegroom, following in the "Crystal Coach" drawn by four horses, the whole, with the hussar escort, making a brilliant pageant.

Some carriages are still maintained for State occasions in Italy, Bulgaria, Greece and Hungary, the teams of five cream Arabs used for ceremonial in the latter country, with their guard of hussars, also on pure bred Arabs, being extremely picturesque. Out of the past, one recalls the State entry into Berlin in 1913, of King George V and Queen Mary, for the wedding of the Kaiser's only daughter to Prince Ernest of Cumberland, the open car-

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riages passing through the central arch of the Brandenburger Tor—which was reserved for the Court—and down the leafy Unter den Linden to the Palace, escorted by the white-uniformed Garde du Corps and the light-blue Dragoons of the Guard, with their waving white helmet-plumes. Their daughter recently drove in her State coach at Athens for her marriage to a Greek prince. After the last war the Imperial carriages, which had figured in many such stately processions, were sold by auction at the *Königlicher Marstalls* (Royal Stables) in Berlin, the Imperial Glass Coach—a rather uninspired vehicle—eventually finding its way to Addis Ababa, where it was used in 1930 for the Coronation of the Emperor Haile Selassie !

One remembers also with regret the graceful equipages harnessed *à la Daumont*, with their Cuirassier escort, resplendent in breastplate and helmet with long horse-tail, which were used for the visit of His late Majesty to Paris before the last war, but which were replaced by motor cars when Their Majesties drove down the Champs Elysées in 1938. Motors have also since pre-Great War days taken the place of the former Royal carriages in Brussels, a city once renowned for its carriage building.

The oldest State carriages in the world—with the exception of the Coburg vehicles mentioned at the beginning of this article —are those of the Austrian Court, which were at the Imperial Mews in Vienna—now used for industrial fairs—till the end of the monarchy. They are now housed close by at Schönbrunn, the former summer palace of the Habsburgs, in the old Riding School to the west of the forecourt. Here are to be seen the black Imperial Funeral Carriage last used for Francis Joseph I in 1916, and the red hearse used for other members of the Royal family, Napoleon's coach, in which he rode in 1810 at his coronation in Milan, the coronation coach of Francis Joseph for his crowning as king of Hungary at Budapest in 1868, and the hunting carriage of Ferdinand I (1835) with paintings and a swivel seat to permit the monarch to shoot without changing position.

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The chef d'œuvre of the collection is the Imperial Coronation Coach of Austria, resembling in beauty some exquisite jewelled casket, which was completed in Madrid in 1710 for Kaiser Charles VI, but with panels painted in the previous century by Peter Paul Rubens,* so that it is often stated to date from the time of Kaiser Ferdinand II, 1619-1637. Drawn by six white horses guided by postilions, it was used for the wedding of the Crown Prince Rudolph, son of Franz Joseph I, to Princess Stephanie of Belgium, daughter of King Leopold II, in Vienna in May, 1881. His tragic end in the hunting box at Mayerling in 1889, has never been elucidated. It was last used at the coronation of the last Habsburg Emperor, Charles I, in 1916.

In addition, there is Maria Theresa's (daughter of the aforementioned Charles VI) posting chariot and sedan chair, and the miniature goat carriages used by Joseph II, Francis Joseph, and the Duke of Reichstadt,† son of Napoleon, when they were boys, sledges, and saddlery including the Hungarian shabraque used when Kaiser Charles rode on horseback to his coronation at Budapest on December 30th, 1916.

There is also a notable collection of Portuguese Royal coaches, but the best known museum of State carriages in the world is that at the Petit Trianon, Versailles. The three outstanding vehicles there are: Tzar Nicholas II's coach (see illustration VI) used for his memorable visit to France in 1896, when he declared that " brotherhood of arms " which on the return visit of Felix Faure to Russia in the following year, became the Franco-Russian Alliance. Napoleon's wedding coach, and the coronation coach of Charles X. Napoleon's wedding coach (see illustration VII) is the vehicle in which drawn by eight white

* Rubens (1577–1640) also painted the ceiling of the Banqueting House of Old Whitehall Palace for Charles I in 1635, the work being done in Antwerp. The Banqueting House in Hanoverian times became a chapel, and since 1895 has housed the museum of the Royal United Service Institution.

† Hitler, last winter, as a favour to the present French Government, transferred to the tomb of Napoleon at Les Invalides, Paris, the remains of the Duke of Reichstadt from the Imperial Vaults at Vienna, where he had laid beside his mother Marie Louise. This has ended, for the present, a long controversy between the French and Austrian Governments, as the latter had always refused this request of the French, till the remains of Queen Marie Antoinette, who was an Austrian, being the daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, and who is buried at St. Denis, near Paris, were returned to Vienna.

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horses, he went with his second bride Marie Louise, daughter of Francis I of Austria, from Notre Dame on April 2nd, 1810. It is painted with flowers, and has the Imperial arms on the door panels. Charles X's Coronation Coach (see illustration VIII) was used for his crowning in 1825. It cost a million francs (say £40,000) and weighs 7,000 kilogrammes (6 tons 17½ cwt.). It was restored in 1856 for the baptism of the Prince Imperial, son of Napoleon III, which accounts for the initial " N " on the roof and hammercloth. The wealth of carving and decoration on this coach, makes it undoubtedly the most elaborate State carriage ever built.

* * * *

The pictures of the Royal Carriages are reproduced by kind permission of the Crown Equerry, Colonel Sir Arthur Erskine, and of the publishers, Messrs. Raphael Tuck ; those of the Lord Mayor's carriages by kind permission of the Corporation of London.

The writer is indebted for much valuable information to Mr. R. A. Brown, Secretary of the National Horse Association of Great Britain, and to Dr. A. H. Thomas, Deputy Keeper of the Records, Corporation of London.

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THE HORSEMEN OF MUSCOVY

By Lieut.-Colonel B. G. Baker,
D.S.O., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S.

"With such soldiers I would conquer the whole world." This remark is attributed to Napoleon after his inspection of the field of Austerlitz. To famous men, especially to soldiers, posterity insists on crediting sayings of the kind quoted above, historians then are at pains to prove that such statements were never made; the process is vulgarly called "debunking." It should be interesting to note what Adolf Hitler will have to say about the soldiers of those nations that are opposing his plans of world conquest. At present he is still pinning his faith to those he claims as his own kin, and that they are first class soldiers has never been doubted. As to his allies, or alien subjects, who are not of the chosen race, he may graciously admit that they were among the "also ran."

Too little is generally known about the Russian cavalry. It has on many occasions won the admiration of its foes, and unless the spirit of chivalry is entirely submerged among German horsemen, will surely do so again. Clouds of dust thrown up by hurrying troops obscure the deeds of Russian horsemen in the present gigantic struggle, but there is promise of a great story to be unfolded whenever a proper perspective has been restored, a story worthy the traditions of the hosts of Muscovy. Be it not forgotten that former generations of Russian cavalrymen rode under the same symbol as their comrades of the British Army, St. George. And Russia's horsemen have thrice won first prize in the Horse Show at Olympia, have carried off the King Edward VII cup and another first prize at the Vienna International Horse Show. The Russian horse as distinct from

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that of the Cossack, is of high quality, but little known in England generally, and to-day less likely than ever to be appreciated by a mechanically minded people.

Russia's cavalry developed out of swarms of light horsemen into organized units on the European model without sacrificing the native genius of those who went about their business on horseback since those distant days when they came with their herds and tents out of the East into the vast plains of Russia. The organization of those horsemen was the work of a Russian, a genius in his line as ruler, Peter the Great. This monarch went into other countries where standing armies were being created, and there he gained experience which he applied to good purpose on his return home. The earliest horsemen of Peter the Great's army were described as dragoons, followed in 1720 by Cuirassiers in buff coats and Hussars, in the same reign. The cavalry increased in numbers under the Empress Elizabeth, 1740–41, real Hussars with long plaits of hair hanging from the temples down each cheek. These adornments were worn until the pigtail was cut off and the back hair clipped early in the nineteenth century. By that time there were "Body Hussars," Hussars of the Guard mounted on greys, Grodno Hussars on bays, and many other regiments that have won distinction in Russia's wars of which little is known in Western Europe, more's the pity. Ulans were first seen about the time when other armies were showing their appreciation of Polish gallantry by adapting their own version of Poland's national costume. Another favourite variant of the mounted arm was for a time the Horse Grenadier, whose handsome uniform with its curious headdress, was still worn in 1882.

Russian cavalry uniforms seem to have undergone more changes than those of other countries. Peter the Great was content to leave the colour of the horse soldier's coat to the taste of the officers commanding regiments or the Colonel-in-Chief; the result must have been a very bright array. The cut of the coat was that common to European armies; the long braided kaftan and conical fur-lined cap was relegated to limbo

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for a while. Blue then became the uniform colour for cavalry of the line, and so remained until green took its place for dragoons and the newly formed carbineer and chevaux legers regiments in 1775. The dragoon's headdress went through the whole gamut of military costume from the three cornered hat to the pseudo classic, the French shako, the Prussian pickelhaube to the becoming fur cap with bright cloth top and the double eagle in metal of 1882. The reorganization of 1910 put the Russian army into khaki. Yet, whatever colour Russian cavalry wore when going to war, it never failed to gain distinction, notably in the Napoleonic wars. Alexander I organized his cavalry in two cuirassier divisions of five regiments each, eight cavalry divisions composed of Dragoons, Ulans, and Hussars, one of Guards cavalry and swarms of Cossacks. These warriors might claim to have brought about the fall of Napoleon. At Austerlitz 2,000 Russian cuirassiers of the Guard led by Grand Duke Constantine in person, rode at the extreme moment of the desperate struggle between the Russian infantry reserves and Vandamme's division. The French columns were broken by this flank attack, and the cuirassiers carried off an eagle. Napoleon launched his cavalry of the Guards at the Russian horsemen who, though broken up after the encounter with French infantry, reformed and turned to charge again. Though this action did not bring victory to Russian arms it inflicted heavy losses and stands as evidence of the cavalry spirit. Against the Germans, Russian cavalry crossing the Vistula from Novogeorgievsk, turned the left flank of the aggressor wiping out their cavalry screen and routing the whole of the left wing; this happened early on in the last war.

Russian Cavalry has never lacked intrepid leaders. Platoff, Ouvaroff, Orloff, Denigoff, to mention only a few in the Napoleonic wars, wherein Russian troops fought under the inspiration of Alexander I. Steadfastly, Russian horsemen faced Murat's 12,000 cavalry in 1807, giving Benningsen time to effect his withdrawal across the river Alle. Five years later General Neverofsksi's horsemen held up the advance of Murat's and Ney's cavalry at Krasnoie, effecting with unbroken front their retreat by night, losing 1,000 men. Ouvaroff's charge at

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Borodino, at the head of the first Corps of Guards cavalry and some Cossacks, effectively delayed the French advance. Russian cavalry's decisive action, sweeping the left flank of Vandamme upon his centre, cut his communications at Culm. This led to rout and disaster for the French invaders when the Prussians arrived to lend a hand. Orloff's Red Cossacks of the Guard saved the Tsar's life at Leipzig in October, 1813. In the following year at Fère Champenoise, when the cry went up, "The Tsar in danger," Cuirassiers, Dragoons, Hussars and Ulans, some 13,000, came thundering up and forced the French general to surrender to the "Little Father" in person.

Most martial people of any military significance have some special body of troops which enjoys particular popular favour. This favour has to be won by deeds, by martial virtue and achievement in the field. This favour being won, these special troops are allowed particular distinctions generally based on national costume. Among the élite of many nations are, in the British Army, the Highlanders, the Evzones of Greece, in Austria the Tyrolean "Kaiser Jâger," and of the Italian Army the Bersaglieri. The popularity of these bodies is shown in the habit of dressing up by fond parents of small boys in kilt, whether by race entitled to it or not, in the cap with long tassel of the Evzone, the "Kaiser Jâgers" mountaineering dress, and so forth, according to the strength of patriotic feeling. As a rule the origin of these favourite troops goes back into a distant and often lurid past. This is certainly the case with the Cossacks of the Russian armed forces. Eleven centuries ago geographers mentioned a country called Cosaquie, and placed it at the foot of the Caucasus. The Great Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenetus in his memoirs, peopled this country with Tartar tribesmen who, it seems, were called Cossacks and spread out to the banks of the Don and Volga. Another version of Cossack origin is that emigrants of many nations found their way to the country of Cosaquie, left derelict after the invading Mongols had passed on. The Tartars called these invaders Khasaks, which word may be interpreted as revolted or free. They were certainly free in their views on

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private ownership of property, and for this reason had also been described quite simply as bandits. People of this persuasion make capital light troops, as has been demonstrated over and over again. The first mention of Cossacks called in to serve as a body of foreign troops occurred when the 11th-century Grand Prince Matislaff recruited a number of them into his army and led them against his brother Jaroslav. More settled conditions in the 12th century found the "Khasaks" settling down on assuming territorial designation from the lands they selected wherein to dwell, Don, Ural, Zaporog, and others. In this connection the word settled must be taken as relative to conditions which were by no means stable. However, Cossacks of Don, Ural and so forth had found at least some place to which they could return after a change of air and surroundings, bringing with them souvenirs of the countries they had visited. No doubt a considerable body of Cossacks fought for Genghis Khan under a legendary Voievode Ploskina, who, it is alleged, was killed by the treachery of the Russian ruler of Kiev. This would appear to be the normal end of a powerful bandit chief.

The Byzantine chroniclers endowed these bandits with an ancient if not very respectable ancestry, tracing them back to the Sarmatians of Scythia. In the fourth century of the Christian era Ammianus Marcellinus describes these warriors as protected by scales sliced out of horses' hoofs, sewn on to their linen clothing. These Sarmatians armed themselves with a long lance, with bow and arrow, and for near defence carried a fairly long dagger. Except for the change to firearms, the Cossack in silhouette looks much the same and has caused much the same trepidation that made the French of 1870 cry "les Ulans" and hurry into hiding.

Like the clansmen of the Highlands of Scotland, the Cossacks became most loyal and devoted of soldiers when they had sworn allegiance, and were in return favoured with many marks of distinction. Thus, for instance, the heir to the Russian throne always became chief Ataman, Head, of all Cossacks.

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This link with the imperial crown, together with the fact that Cossacks did not pay taxes, bound them firmly to the service of Russia and brought out all their fighting quality in defence of that country, even as it inspires them today. In mid fifteenth century Cossacks were fighting Turks in the interests of Muscovy, and again in 1579. Cossacks pursued Charles XII of Sweden and his broken army after Peter the Great's victory at Poltova. The tragic story of Mazeppa comes into this period of Cossack warfare. Cossacks were, so it seemed to the French, ubiquitous during the Napoleonic wars whenever Russian troops were engaged. Swarming all over the lines of communication, interrupting supplies, on one occasion nearly capturing the Emperor himself with some 4,000 odd prisoners. Anyhow, they unhorsed Napoleon's A.D.C., General Rapp. This was one of Platoff's exploits with the regiments of Cossacks and the 20th Russian Chasseurs in their green jackets and "heyduck" caps of felt. At Eylau both sides claimed the victory.

Don Cossacks made the fullest use of a snowstorm which added greatly to the general confusion. Platoff and his Cossacks were perhaps at their happiest when sweeping Germany clear of French troops, capturing among other places of importance the seaport of Hamburg and chasing King Jerome out of his newly established kingdom, whereat the native Westphalians rejoiced greatly. Nowadays the Cossack has taken eagerly to motorized locomotion without discarding his horse.

There will be a great story to be told when Russian resistance has won down the aggressor's forces and turns to driving the remains thereof off the soil of Holy Russia. In this, Russian cavalry, whether horsed or motorized, is living up to its high traditions as the outcome of an unprovoked outrage by Germany on a peaceable neighbour will prove; perhaps sooner than now seems possible.*

* We now give some extracts from the Soviet Embassies publications, they shed a bright light on the scenes behind the German advance into Russia, and proves the Cossack to be not only equal to his ancestors in dash, courage and initiative, but also embodying the hope of all cavalrymen, that the horse may yet again take his rightful place in the ranks of chivalry.

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COSSACK CAVALRY IN MODERN WARFARE

STRATEGY AND TACTICS OF SOVIET-GERMAN WAR

(By kind permission of the Soviet Embassy).

Cossacks Ride in Nazi Rear

A Cossack cavalry detachment commanded by Colonel* Dovator penetrated into the Nazi rear and for a long time was engaged in smashing German troops and communications. In the first engagement the Cossacks completely annihilated the third battalion of the 430th German Infantry Regiment.

The Cossacks cut communications, captured wireless stations, set fire to enemy stores and hacked down German men and officers. The German command issued a special order on "the extermination of the Cossack detachment." Next day this order fell into the hands of the cavalrymen.

Making their way through marshes and dense forests the Cossacks are appearing wherever they are least expected by the Germans. In one engagement they annihilated another enemy battalion, destroyed three guns, captured four minethrowers, nine machine guns, sixteen sub-machine guns, a wireless station, and burned down lorries and stores of clothing and provisions.

They then raided a German transport column, killing 138 German officers and men, destroying 58 lorries, three cars and three fuel lorries. The Germans have sent tanks and planes against the cavalrymen and laid ambushes for them, but the Cossacks are continuing to elude them.

Cossacks Raid Enemy Rear

More details are now available of the activities of General Dovator's Cossack cavalry detachment which penetrated into the German rear during August, reported in our issue of September 8th.

* Since promoted General.

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The Cossacks took no baggage train with them, but carried everything they needed on their horses. After smashing an advanced battalion of the 66th "Hitler" Infantry Regiment, and routing the Rumanian Royal Guard, they penetrated about 60 miles into the enemy positions.

The terrain, dotted with numerous forests, favoured the raid. Sixty miles behind the German front lines the Cossacks became complete masters of the situation. They damaged roads and communications, burnt down stores, destroyed motor columns and fuel lorries and caught enemy H.Q. staffs by surprise.

Twelve-Day Action

For twelve days they harried the enemy without respite. On the second day of the raid they ran into the 9th battalion of the 430th Infantry Regiment and after six hours of pitched battle destroyed it.

When local inhabitants informed General Dovator that the Germans were forming special detachments to destroy the Cossacks, he broke up his formation into small groups which began acting independently in all directions, completely bewildering the German staffs. Making their base in a dense forest, the Cossacks appeared in the night or at dawn wherever they were least expected.

At night they perfected a method of catching enemy motor cyclists by drawing a wire across a road and raising it suddenly when a cyclist appeared.

From the surrounding woods, stranded Red Army men and officers rallied to the Cossacks. General Dovator furnished them with rifles and machine guns captured from the enemy and formed them into a detachment. In twelve days he was able to arm 1,000 men.

Destruction during the raid included 2,500 German officers and men, 10 guns, 87 machine guns, 115 lorries, six tanks, two ammunition dumps and three wireless stations.

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Charge from the Rear

When it was time for them to return to their lines, local inhabitants led the Cossacks through dense woods to the rear of the German front line. On a misty morning in the first days of September, the detachment flung its whole weight against the Germans from the rear, charged through their lines and returned safely to their own units. The Germans were apparently so glad to get rid of them that they made no attempt to pursue them.

The Cossacks had, however, left behind them over 1,000 men as guerillas who would continue to harass the enemy's rear by every means.

Cossacks Today

The year 1917 marked the beginning of a radical change in the Russian Cossacks. From that date they withdrew from the the role of fanatic defenders of the throne which had been foisted on them by the Tsarist government. Michael Sholokhov's famous novel " And Quiet Flows the Don " gives a sincere and straight-forward picture of this transformation of the Cossacks.

These warrior clans, who in bygone years had supplied the Tsarist regime with horses and cavalrymen, began to take part in Socialist construction and engaged mainly in farming on State and collective farms. The Don and Kuban collective farms always distinguished themselves by their high output. The picturesque shores of the Don River, which the Cossacks proudly call " Father Don " became the scene of a new life.

This does not mean, however, that the Cossacks are no longer expert horsemen, Budyonny and Voroshilov's cavalrymen of today have inherited the skill of veteran Cossacks.

The exploits refute the assertion made in some military teachings that cavalry was no longer of any use in modern warfare, with its tanks and concrete fortifications. The latest example is the raid made by a Cossack detachment commanded by Colonel (now General) Dovator deep into the rear of the

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enemy lines. This daring exploit, which earned the Cossack unit the Order of Lenin, is in line with the heroic adventures of the old Cossack legends.

During their twelve days in the enemy rear the Cossacks burned down German supply depots, cut communications, destroyed Nazi headquarters, and came back with two sacks full of confidential German headquarters' documents.

Below is a graphic account of some incidents in this raid, by the well-known Soviet writer and journalist Vladimir Stavsky, who was with General Dovator's detachment. Like Sholokhov, Stavsky has spent many years of his life describing the life of the Don and Kuban Cossacks.

As " Pravda's " war correspondent he has been in the front line from the first days of the war. At the same time, like Polyakov, another now famous war correspondent, he is not only a journalist but also a fighter.

With General Dovator in the Enemy Rear

By Vladimir Stavsky

Night is falling and a dense grey mist has descended all around us. I can just make out General Dovator, with his commanders and military commissars, sitting on the ground chatting to our men. They are discussing their next move.

In the dim light I look at some of the men around me. They are a tough lot, the sons of generations of hard-riding, hard-fighting Cossacks. There is Second-Lieutenant Georgi Krivorotko, for instance. He obtained his rank here at the front for a daring action against the enemy in the first days of the war.

He was out scouting with his cavalry platoon when he approached a village in which about a company of Germans were billeted. The Germans opened fire. Instead of withdrawing, as they would have been perfectly justified in doing, Krivorotko and his men dismounted, put their horses behind a hut, and crawled into a ditch from which they returned the enemy's fire with automatic rifles.

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The Germans in the village, uncertain as to the number of the attackers, did not dare to advance. Just then a Nazi motor-car approached from behind Krivorotko's position. He turned his automatic around and sent the car hurtling into a wall. Three more cars and six motor-cyclists following them were put out of action, the vehicles behind smashing into the wreckage of those in front. Only when Krivorotko realised that he was in danger of being encircled did he and his men retire and gallop away safely.

Sixty Miles Behind Nazi Lines

Another young officer who has distinguished himself is Lieutenant Tkach. He led his cavalry squadron nearly 60 miles into the enemy's rear, destroying tanks, ammunition dumps, and killing many Germans.

On one occasion he had the task of driving some Germans out of their trenches on the edge of a forest. He sent his first platoon forward in a frontal attack, while he and the rest of his men crawled through a hollow to outflank the German position.

At his signal the two forces attacked simultaneously, completely confusing the Germans who did now know which way to turn. Tkach himself had a narrow escape. He was running through the forest when he suddenly came on a concealed German machine-gun nest. A German sergeant with a fierce red moustache hurled a grenade at him, but Tkach ducked behind a tree and was only injured. His own grenade blew the red-moustached sergeant and two other men sky high with their machine gun.

Several days later, while he and his detachment were operating independently, Tkach played a trick on some Germans in a village. He found an abandoned tractor near a road, waited until dark, and then drove the tractor near the village. The machine rattled loudly, making the Germans think that there were enemy armoured vehicles in the vicinity.

During the night they mined the roads leading to the village. In the morning the Cossacks concealed in the forest had the satisfaction of seeing some German armoured-cars blown up by their own mines.

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Another tough customer is Commissar Alexander Borisaiko. He is 27 years old and before joining the army he was an instructor in a Communist Party district committee. He has already won the complete confidence of the Cossacks, who now follow his advice not only on political questions but also in problems concerning their daily life and work. During the raid he worked day and night.

Ambush for Tanks

His first engagement with the enemy showed his qualities. While he was out on scouting duty his patrol brought the news that three tanks were approaching along the road. Borisaiko and his men placed some logs and broken carts across the road.

When the tanks reached the obstruction they stopped to manœuvre around them. Borisaiko crept up as close as he could and hurled a fire-bottle at the first tank. It burst into flames. A second fire-bottle and some hand-grenades set another tank on fire. The two German tank-men who attempted to dash out of the hatch were blown to bits by a grenade. The third tank fled.

"Too bad, I didn't have a third fire-bottle," was Borisaiko's glum comment afterwards.

Our twelve-day raid was over and we were ready to break through the enemy's lines from the rear to regain our own main units.

General Dovator devised a cunning plan. A small force was sent to start a battle with the enemy in two villages on our right. This would divert the enemy's attention while the main group of Cossacks made a dash for the defence lines.

Under cover of fog, an advance group crawled forward and attacked the German trenches from the rear with grenades and bayonets. When they broke through they gave a mighty Cossack cheer, and this was the signal for the main mounted forces to charge forward. The Germans were completely panic-stricken when an avalanche of yelling, shooting Cossacks suddenly crashed down on them out of the fog.

When day broke and the fog lifted there was not a sign of us. We were already well behind our own lines.

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AT GENERAL DOVATOR'S HEADQUARTERS

By War Correspondent Eugenie Krueger

Major-General Dovator is one of the most outstanding Soviet cavalry commanders now fighting with his Cossacks on the Moscow front. For daring and courage displayed in fighting, his unit—the 3rd Cavalry Corps—was a short time ago renamed the 2nd Guards Cavalry Corps.

Finding Major-General Dovator's headquarters is no easy job. One can imagine the difficulties of the Germans in the days when his Cossacks wrought havoc in their rear, considering that on this side of the front we spent a full day in trying to locate the headquarters of the Cossack Guards. Finally, we were given the most accurate and precise direction: "Look for Dovator where the fighting is hottest."

This was not so simple either, for fighting today is quite hot on all fronts around Moscow. Nevertheless, we listened to the advice and actually found the Guardsmen at a place where the most heated battle was in progress. Clouds of smoke were rising from beyond the forest and the air was rent by the booming of artillery and A.A. guns, the roar of exploding bombs, the clatter of caterpillars.

* * *

Precisely in such conditions Dovator's cavalrymen feel at home. They are always sure to appear where they are least expected—particularly by the enemy. Such was the case recently when the Germans broke through near a very important point, and for 24 hours mounted Guardsmen raced from one flank to another, through forest and across rivers covered with a thin crust of ice, without pausing to rest, to reach the place where danger threatened, where help was needed at once, for in this situation every minute was precious.

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The Guardsmen went into action immediately on arrival and checked the enemy. They still recall their excursion into the German rear, when 3,000 horsemen, with Major-General Dovator at their head, broke through the front line and for many days, behind the back of the German generals, smashed headquarters, dispersed transports, and broke communications, with the result that the German generals were thrown into a panic. Only in a state of panic could an Order be issued announcing to the German troops that, contrary to rumours, not 100,000 but not more than 18,000 Cossacks had penetrated their rear.

Actually, there were only 3,000. They twice scattered the headquarters of the 6th German Army. The topography department of the headquarters was completely wiped out. Once, from an ambush, they blew up 56 motor vehicles. Under the very nose of the Germans, far in their rear, the Cossacks mined the highway. The first lorry of a column was blown sky-high and blocked the way for the rest. The Cossacks opened machine-gun fire. The main thoroughfare in the German rear presented an ugly sight. And the Cossacks then turned off the main thoroughfare on to quieter roads.

These were the days when they moved across enemy territory, and as they raced through the villages, squadron after squadron of them, singing Cossack songs, the people ran out to welcome them. The German Command was compelled to form a special detachment to fight against Dovator's group. Soon the German major who headed that detachment, together with his staff, were seized by the Cossacks. Completing their raid, Dovator's Cossacks fought their way back across the front line and rejoined the main Soviet troops. Many people still remember this raid—particularly the enemy.

* * *

Today Dovator's Cossacks are fighting for Moscow. We met them in one of the most difficult sectors of the front. The day was drawing to a close when the Major-General returned from the main line to his headquarters. Without pausing to

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remove his coat he walked over to the table and unfolding a map proceeded to explain the situation and the plan of subsequent operations. His speech was quick, laconic. Giving little time to minor details he tried to make everybody understand his main idea. His enthusiasm is contagious, his speech picturesque and expressive. This is how he speaks of his Guardsmen:

"Our weapons? Rifle! Sabre! Hand-grenade! Fire-bottles! There is one of my commanders. Believe it or not, he once got on a horse and attacked a tank. Queer chap. But what can you do with him if he actually did destroy the tank. And he is by no means young. I scolded him, but inwardly I thought: This old boy is made of real stuff, he is a real Guardsman!"

The door opened to admit Issa Pliyev, Guard division commander.

"Pliyev had a characteristic battle here," Dovator began. "Our favourite sport is striking blows at the flanks. In a complex situation we decided to cut the German communications. With small forces at his disposal Pliyev successfully waged a two-day battle and himself led the cavalrymen into attack. Never was it necessary for me to go in person to help improve the position in Pliyev's division or in the division under Brigade Commander Melnik."

The Major-General again bent over the map and gave the final orders to the regiment commander. After a curt "Everything will be done as ordered" and a salute, the commander left.

Dovator, his eyes on the retreating figure, smiled as only a friend can smile.

"You know what those words mean? Only one thing—he will dislodge the Germans!"

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MAZEPPA

By Major Oskar Teichman, D.S.O., M.C., T.D.

This historical novel was to have been published in eight parts, but, owing to the suspension of publication of the Journal until after the war, only an extract of Mazeppa's early life is printed below. Towards the end of a life full of adventure and intrigue, he deserted Peter the Great and joined Charles XII of Sweden. His hopes of an independent crown (of the Ukraine) perished in the disaster of Pultowa (1709), and he fled with Charles to the Turks. Mazeppa died at Bender in 1710, and he was buried near Galatz on the banks of the Danube, "for a Cossack can only sleep peacefully on the banks of a mighty river."

I

The war was over and King John Casimir had returned to Warsaw. In the Zamkowy Square the lofty bronze figure of Sigismund the Third, holding a sword in his right hand and a Cross in his left, looked down benevolently on the motley crowd of peasants, Jews, and priests who were hurrying homewards in the twilight. The statue on its marble column,* yet unweathered by the elements and scarce six months old, was still the cynosure of passers-by, who crossed themselves as the newly-gilded Cross caught the last rays of the setting sun. Outside the Royal Palace the guard was being changed, and lights began to appear in most of the windows. A huge white building, extremely plain and opening in front directly on to the public square, it resembled a barracks more than a palace. Founded by the Masovian dukes in the fourteenth century it had been the royal residence of many Polish kings, but John Casimir in this year of 1666 considered it out of date and was already building a new palace more fitting for the ruler of Poland.

From a room on the ground floor the sounds of several voices raised in anger could be heard outside. Old Marya Popovitch, wife of Simon the eel-catcher who lived in a hovel on the banks of the Vistula at Praga, set down her basket of writhing eels and listened. "That is the royal pages' room,

* This and the Royal Palace were destroyed by Hitler in 1939.

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the young jackanapes are always quarrelling," she remarked to her son, a pock-marked youth in a ragged caftan.

Within, the pages were finishing their evening meal. They were taunting a small pale-faced youth with a shock of black hair who sat at the lower end of the table.

"Why should we put up with this contemptible Mazeppa, a Little Russian and an unbeliever?" cried Zygmunt Oginski. "It is an insult," he continued, "that we cadets of the noblest Polish families should be compelled to associate with such scum!"—"Aye, and a bastard at that," shouted young Count Sicinski, who had but lately joined the corps of pages.

Throughout the meal Mazeppa had taken little notice of the other pages' conversation, and he had been talking quietly to Philipp Ragotski, a cadet of the well-known Hungarian family, who had little in common with the young Polish aristocrats. But Sicinski's remark suddenly made Mazeppa see red, and taking up his wine glass he hurled it in the young Count's face, crying, "take that, you swine!" For a few seconds there was a hush in the dining-room of John Casimir's pages. Then Mazeppa rose, drew his small sword, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I challenge each of you, who has insulted me, to a duel forthwith." At these words half a dozen pages immediately fell upon him and disarmed him. When the uproar had subsided, Oginski, who had prudently kept a safe distance from the mêlée, spoke:

"As Senior Page and Gentleman of the Bedchamber I shall have to report this affair to Prince Sapieha, Chamberlain of the Royal Household; Mazeppa," he continued, "has drawn his sword within the Palace of His Majesty the King of Poland, and this offence is punishable by death!"

For a time no one spoke—silently the pages rose from the table, crossed themselves, and trooped out of the room. Mazeppa sat on alone amidst a wreck of broken glass, spilt wine and overturned chairs. He felt quite calm now that the crisis was over. Alone with his thoughts he went over his past, which had never been happy, and tried to look into the future. Possibly the law of the Royal Palace would be enforced and that would be the end.

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Ivan Stefanovitch Mazeppa had been born in the castle of Bialozerkiew in Volhynia, on the frontiers of Poland and the Ukraine. His father, Prince Stefan Saslaw, who belonged to the lesser nobility of Volhynia, was of Little Russian extraction and professed the Orthodox faith. His mother, Anna Gurka a Cossack maid, with whom the prince had become infatuated, died after giving birth to her son. By law the child could not take his father's surname, and he was called Mazeppa, after one of the family estates.

At that time Volhynia had been partly incorporated in the large kingdom of Poland, and although recent Cossack successes had forced the Poles to make a few concessions to the Little Russians, the Orthodox nobility was much persecuted by Roman Catholic fanaticism. Mazeppa's grandfather had in fact been roasted alive by the Poles a few years before the boy was born.

In spite of his Orthodox religion young Mazeppa had been educated in a Jesuit school at Kiev, where he learnt to speak and write Latin fluently, in those days the language of all educated Poles. How well he remembered those dreary school-days, and the gibes of his Catholic schoolfellows. At last the day of his release came, and his education completed, he returned to his home, a remarkably handsome and headstrong lad.

Life at Bialozerkiew became unbearable to the proud Mazeppa, who did not relish the ambiguous position he occupied in his father's household. Treated as an inferior by the Princess, his stepmother, despised by his two brothers who were legitimate, and only tolerated by his father, the young man determined to make his own way in the world.

For a few years it had been the custom at the Court of Poland that one of the royal pages should be a cadet from the lately ceded province of Volhynia. Hearing that there was a vacancy for this appointment Mazeppa applied for it. In due course an interview followed, and King John Casimir being impressed by the handsome lad forthwith appointed him page. During his four years at court, Mazeppa had learned to speak

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Polish and German; Latin he already knew, and with the acquisition of these three foreign languages, in addition to his mother tongue, Russian, he felt well equipped to face the world.

But his position at the strictly Catholic court of Warsaw had been an extremely difficult one. In court circles Catholic fanaticism was rampant, and Mazeppa was very unpopular with the Polish courtiers who despised him on account of his nationality and his Orthodox religion. For four years he had put up with the petty annoyances and insults which he had experienced at the hands of his fellow pages; but as he grew older his impetuous spirit could no longer brook such treatment. And now the end had come; he had drawn his sword within the walls of the Royal Palace, his career at court was ended, and possibly his life also!

So mused Mazeppa as he sat alone in the pages' dining room, and a bitter feeling of revenge obsessed him when he realised that the world had always been unkind to him. At school he had suffered on account of his religion, at home on account of his birth, and at court on account of both. If his life was spared he would have his revenge on this unkind world; he would succeed, and to further his ends he would have pity on no man.

In a sumptuously furnished room, in a remote corner of the palace and approached by a private staircase, sat Prince Vladimir Sapieha, chamberlain to the Royal Household. He had dined well and was at peace with the world as he sipped a superb Tokay.

"A very tolerable wine," he remarked to the officer of the guard who was dining with him, holding the crystal glass of amber-coloured wine up to the light and inhaling its delicious bouquet. "Yes," replied the soldier, "and as long as our friend John Casimir can supply us with this vintage, I for one am content to remain on palace duty." He then poured himself out another glass, tossed down the wine and, remarking that it was time to go on his rounds, left the room.

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The chamberlain loosened the collar of his court uniform, kicked off his buckle shoes, and drew his chair up to the stove, for the autumn evening was becoming chilly. He was a little rat-faced man, completely bald, and suffered from an affection of the eyes which rendered them always bloodshot. Amongst the pages he was known as the ferret.

Always the centre of court intrigue, Vladimir Sapieha flourished exceedingly in his office as, in addition to his salary, he made a considerable sum yearly by exacting large fees from candidates who were successful in obtaining court appointments. He was carefully feathering his nest against the time when a sudden change of dynasty might leave him without office; and he exacted his pound of flesh alike from a gentleman of the bed-chamber and from the meanest scullion. The court of Poland was run on a most lavish scale, and supported numerous sycophants whose duties were only nominal. It vied in luxury with the courts of Austria and France, following the fashions of Western Europe and despising the court of Russia which was considered uncivilised.

Vladimir Sapieha, who had fallen asleep in his chair, woke with a start as the palace clock chimed midnight. He was about to ring for his valet and retire to bed, when the servant entered the room.

"Count Oginski is outside, sir, and desires to see you on an urgent matter of the Household."

"Impossible," yawned the chamberlain; "tell him to come to-morrow as I am going to bed." A whispered conversation went on outside the door, and the page, not to be denied, forced his way past the protesting valet into the room.

"A thousand apologies, sir," exclaimed Oginski, "for disturbing you at this late hour, but I have important information which will interest you!"

Oginski well knew that the chamberlain was longing to get his knife into Mazeppa whom he cordially disliked. With an impassive expression Sapieha listened to the account of Mazeppa's misdemeanour, and curtly dismissed the page. Going

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to his writing desk he made a few notes in his official diary which dealt with the personnel of the palace. Then he chuckled to himself. Here was a unique opportunity of getting rid of the young Volhynian. He had always disliked the lad ever since his father had refused to pay the usual douceur on appointment, and also because Mazeppa had secured the vacancy for a page which the chamberlain had desired for his own nephew. At that time he had tried, without success, to persuade the King to abolish the custom of appointing one of his twelve pages from the nobility of Volhynia.

With an easy conscience Vladimir Sapieha went to bed and slept the sleep of the just.

In his spacious library overlooking the river walked John Casimir, King of Poland. Below him lay the formal palace gardens which gave onto the silver Vistula fringed by tall poplars; beyond the river the village of Praga lay on the edge of a fertile plain which extended eastwards as far as the eye could see. It was a pleasant prospect on this autumn morning; but John Casimir, as he surveyed the view, felt worried about the future. Ever since he had exchanged a Cardinal's hat for a crown, eighteen years ago, he had occupied a somewhat precarious throne with varying vicissitudes. True, his kingdom was a mighty one, as large as that of his friend Louis XIV of France, extending from the Baltic to the Black Sea and from Smolensk to Silesia; but owing to incessant wars and revolts its frontiers were constantly changing. Unconvinced by his flattering ministers and courtiers he knew that his own position was by no means secure. Was it worth while proceeding with the building of his new palace? Would he ever occupy it? thought John Casimir. Would further incursions by Russians, Swedes, Brandenburgers or Cossacks cause his final downfall? Not while John Sobieski commanded his armies at any rate! The Queen had hinted at his abdicating in favour of Condé's son, the Duc d'Enghien; but Queen Marie of Poland was a nervous woman, who had never really settled down since she and John Casimir had returned to Warsaw after their flight to Silesia a few years

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ago. Now however things looked more settled, since the Peace of Oliva and the death of that terrible Cossack Bogdan and of his hot-headed successor Chmielnicki. Besides, both the Muscovite and the Swede had their own troubles, and Frederick William of Brandenburg had buried the hatchet. Why, therefore, should not John Casimir, King of Poland, Courland, East Prussia, Lithuania, Volhynia, and Podolia (he was proud of these titles), enjoy his old age in regal luxury, spend a large part of the country's revenue on his court, and complete the new palace? No, he would not abdicate! After all, the Poles had originally elected him King, and only a few years ago they had welcomed him back from Silesia with acclamation. If only that miserable Sforza woman, wife of Zigismund I, had not absconded a hundred years ago with most of the royal treasure, he might have been one of the richest monarchs in Europe to-day. However, there were always new methods of raising money for the privy purse, and Garowski his chancellor had already suggested inflicting a horse tax or a window tax on his long-suffering subjects.

Whilst musing on these matters the King's eyes fell on the tablet on which were written the audiences for that morning. Firstly, John Sobieski, who now so successfully commanded the armies of Poland, and who was one day to ascend the throne. Secondly, Master Lorenzo Bernini, the sculptor and architect, who had just arrived from Rome in connection with the building of the new Royal Palace; no doubt the best man for the work, as the Pope had recently employed him in embellishing St. Peter's. Thirdly, the Archimandrite of Volhynia at the head of a deputation which prayed for protection from religious persecution. . . .

The King had not finished reading the list when he was interrupted by the entrance of Sapieha, who burst unceremoniously into the room in a state of suppressed excitement.

"Sire," said the chamberlain, "I have a grievous affair to report, a crime has been committed within the walls of your palace; last night a quarrel occurred in the pages' dining room—Count Oginski informs me that the Volhynian page, Ivan

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Stefanovitch Mazeppa, lost his temper, drew his sword, and challenged Count Sicinski to a duel!" The chamberlain's little bloodshot eyes watered with emotion as he told his story; he had worked himself into a state of intense excitement and now paused for breath.

The King regarded his chamberlain dispassionately for a few seconds and remarked: "Vladimir Sapieha, you really must see an apothecary about your eyes; you are an extremely unpleasant sight and a disgrace to my court. When Frederick William of Brandenburg arrives on his visit next week, you shall consult his surgeon, Master Andreas Horsch, who I am told is noted for his treatment of ophthalmies."

Sapieha blinked at his master and bowed: "I will do as you wish, Sire; but what about this outrage in the pages' room?"

"Oh, the boy will have to go, of course," answered the King, "but send him to me for I should like to have a talk with him."

"Go!" exclaimed the astonished chamberlain, "but Sire, the boy's crime is, according to the laws of the court, punishable by death and cannot be expiated by mere expulsion!"

"Don't be a fool, Vladimir Sapieha," retorted the King; "is it likely that we should inflict any punishment heavier than expulsion on a cadet from one of the noble families of Volhynia, just when we are trying to placate that newly-acquired province? Besides, his father distinguished himself at Cudnowa under Lubomirski and deserves well of us. Old Sigismund," he continued, "may have instituted all sorts of quaint laws for the court of Poland, but it is for us and not for you to decide whether they shall be adhered to."

At this remark the little chamberlain bowed meekly and crept silently out of the room.

Mazeppa was walking in the terraced garden, overlooking the river, when he saw a lackey approaching him from the orangerie. The King desired his presence at once—now he would soon know the worst.

Entering the palace by one of the garden doors, he passed along the lengthy corridor and ante-rooms which led to the

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Royal apartments. As he walked the grim faces of former Kings of Poland—Casimirs, Sigismunds, Boleslaus's, Ladeslaus's, and other members of the Jagellon Dynasty—looked down on the nervous lad from their frames. He knew them all, for it was the duty of a page to be well acquainted with Polish history. Pausing for a moment to adjust his collar, he found himself looking at the avaricious and cunning face of Queen Bona, the Sforza woman, who, on the death of her husband, poisoned her successor and decamped with most of the royal treasure to her native Milan. They were a queer lot, those Kings and Queens of Poland, thought Mazeppa—cruel and vindictive they looked, and sinister deeds were attributed to many of them.

John Casimir himself, who was no better than the others, had only a few years ago carried off ten thousand men and women from Prussia to be sold as slaves in the markets of Poland ; and more than one rebellious Cossack had been boiled alive by his orders. Mazeppa shuddered as he remembered these things, and wondered whether the King knew of his Cossack blood !

The King, who in his youth had fought with the Imperialists in the Thirty Years War, had received a copy of " The Adventurous Simplicissimus " that morning from his friend John George of Saxony. He was chuckling over Grimmelhausen's masterpiece when Mazeppa was announced, and, consequently, was in a good humour.

" Well, Mazeppa," said John Casimir somewhat curtly, for he was anxious to return to his book, " as the news of this affray in the pages' room appears to have become public property, you will have to leave us as soon as the arrangements for your journey have been completed. We are sorry to lose you," he continued, " but you will realise that there is no other course open to us."

For a moment Mazeppa was silent, he felt like a man who had suddenly been reprieved ; should he explain all the circumstances to the King ? But on second thoughts he remembered that it would not help matters at all. So bowing low he thanked the King for his royal clemency and abruptly left the room.

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As Mazeppa retraced his footsteps past the pictures of the former rulers of Poland, he felt as if he was walking on air, for his life had been spared and he was free. On the whole he was glad at this rupture for he knew that he would never have made a successful courtier. But the experience gained at the court of Warsaw might yet be of use to him.

Now although Mazeppa's career at court was thus abruptly terminated, it could not in any case have lasted much more than a year or two, as the unfortunate King John Casimir, beset once more by Russia, Sweden, Brandenburg, and rebellious Cossacks, abdicated two years later and retired to France, where he died.

With a light heart Mazeppa rode away from the Palace of Warsaw, and crossing the old Praga Bridge, which spanned the Vistula, he headed eastwards towards the frontier of Volhynia.

A bright September day. The sun was shining and life was before him. What would his father say at the dismissal from court ? Mazeppa knew that he was not wanted at home, but thither he must go, at any rate for the present, for he had saved but little from his court salary.

Behind Mazeppa rode his servant Batka, who led a pack pony on either side of him. One of these carried Mazeppa's scanty luggage, and the other, two bulky sacks whose irregular shape threatened to gall the animal's sides. These sacks contained some fifty books, which bore the Royal Arms of Poland stamped in gold on their rich morocco bindings. Mazeppa was very fond of reading ; the court librarian, a rosy-faced Jesuit, was much addicted to the bottle ; hence the occasional disappearance of books from the shelves of the old library had passed unnoticed. These had gradually accumulated in a large chest in Mazeppa's bedroom and they were now accompanying their new owner to Volhynia.

News travelled slowly in the Eastern Europe of the seventeenth century, especially in these troublous times ; and it was not until Mazeppa reached the village of Bialozerkiew that he learnt of his father's death, which had taken place

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some three weeks previously. Up at the castle the Princess received her stepson frigidly, and told him that for some inexplicable reason the Prince had, in his will, left him one of the smaller family estates in the Ukraine. When old Pavel Kirsanov, the Prince's steward, told him that it was actually the Mazeppa estate, Mazeppa was delighted.

"Mind you," said old Pavel, who admitted that he had always had a soft spot in his heart for the Cossack wench's son, "it is only a small place—manor house, hamlet, three farms, and about three hundred serfs—and the income is little over a thousand roubles a year. And you, sir," the old man continued, "will find it a poor sort of place after the luxury you have been accustomed to at the Court of Poland."

"Never mind about that," retorted Mazeppa, "it is my own, my very own, and at least I shall be quite independent of my family!"

A fortnight later Mazeppa was established in his new home, with his servant Batka, a groom, and a housekeeper. The latter was one Fedosya Gurka, a middle-aged and capable Cossack woman, who appeared from a neighbouring village and claimed to be Mazeppa's aunt. Although quite illiterate, he felt that he could trust her, and that she had his good being at heart.

The so-called Manor of Mazeppa, a short distance from the village of that name, was nothing more than a large wooden farmhouse, fortified by stockade and ditch against former Tartar invasions. It had been built in the preceding century of solid pinewood; it looked old but was still strong enough to last another hundred years or more.

The house was soon furnished simply to Mazeppa's liking, and the books from the Royal Library were duly shelved in the chief living room. At first the neighbours looked askance at Prince Saslaw's bastard established in the manor of Mazeppa. But when the somewhat boorish petty nobility, who lived in the vicinity, heard that he had been for four years page to King John Casimir, they soon sought the acquaintance of this

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fashionable young man who could tell them of the ways of polite society and in particular about the magnificent Court of Warsaw.

It was May in the Ukraine. The beautiful rolling steppe was an ocean of green and gold covered with myriads of bright flowers. Mazeppa, who was now twenty years old, felt that life was good as he cantered his horse through the sweet smelling grass, far from the frantic luxury and intrigues of the Polish Court. Only eight months ago, it seemed an age, he was leading the sheltered and artificial life of a royal page! His Cossack blood revelled in the endless expanse of steppe and the feeling of unlimited freedom. And yet those years at court had not been wasted; for, in addition to learning two foreign languages, he had acquired an insight into foreign politics—his vista extended beyond Poland and the Ukraine. He had conversed with the younger members of the suites of many a foreign ambassador.

To Mazeppa England and the other countries of Western Europe were a reality, and not the myth they were to the almost illiterate boyars of the Ukraine with whom he associated. As he gently flicked the flies off the sleek neck of his black stallion he suddenly realised that this pleasant eventless life which he was leading was not for him. To what did it lead? He could see himself a dull middle-aged Ukrainian boyar, a little god to his serfs, slowly vegetating and interested only in his dogs, his horses, and the small estate out of which he lived. Possibly he would marry, a novelty for a while which would soon wear off; and with his small income he would always be tied to his land. Mazeppa knew that he had talents, so why should he bury himself in this most delectable but distant corner of the Ukraine?

"Here I am in the very heart of the desert," he said to himself, "while great events are happening all over Europe."

Ambition and love of adventure lured the young man's thoughts further afield. He began to build castles in the air. He would study the art of war and win honour and fame on the field of battle. If he sold his small estate he would be well off, at any rate while the money lasted, and as a soldier of fortune

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his sword would be welcome to almost any army, except that of Poland. Mazeppa knew that Turenne was leading the victorious armies of Louis XIV against the Spaniards in the Low Countries; that Moscow was at war with the Tartars; and that the Emperor Leopold, who was at war with Turkey, had lately declared war on France. To which sovereign should he offer his sword? For he must make a start and place his foot on the first rung of the ladder to military fame.

Meanwhile his horse, who had been wandering aimlessly with loose rein through the long grass, stumbled over a small ant hill and Mazeppa awoke from his reverie with a start. For while deliberating with Mars, Venus had appeared on the scene, and she was to settle the question of his career in a way he had least expected!

Laetitia Falbovsky, who was only nineteen, had been married for a year. The daughter of a petty official at the Grand Ducal Court of Pomerania, the blonde, blue-eyed girl had attracted the attention of Prince Ivan Falbovsky who was travelling at the time in the Baltic Provinces.

Falbovsky was middle-aged, uncouth in his appearance, and possessed of a violent temper. It was evident from his somewhat Mongol features that a strain of Kalmuk blood ran in his veins. But he was very rich, owning large estates and thousands of serfs in South Russia. Laetitia's parents were poor, and they immediately accepted the Russian's proposal of marriage, on behalf of their daughter. Incidentally, she would become a princess, a title which sounded to them more grandiose than that of even their own reigning Grand Duchess!

Poor Laetitia had no say in the matter and, after only a week's acquaintance, she was duly married to Falbovsky in the Court Chapel at Wolgast. On the following day she left for Russia with her elderly husband, with whom even conversation was almost impossible, as he knew little German and she of course could not speak Russian.

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Laetitia was miserable from the first, and matters were not improved when she discovered on reaching Falbovsky's castle in the Ukraine that she was not his only love. Although she was now the Princess Falbovsky, her husband also kept two beautiful Circassian girls under the same roof. On the whole Falbovsky treated his wife kindly, when he was sober, loaded her with presents, gave her plenty of servants, and horses to ride.

For a year Laetitia had led a lonely life, seeing practically no one except her husband and the servants, since Falbovsky was shunned by the neighbours on account of his violent temper. Her happiest hours were spent in riding over the steppe accompanied only by her favourite borzoi.

On this beautiful May morning the gaily carpeted steppe had no attractions for Laetitia, and she scarcely noticed the coveys of partridges flushed by her borzoi or an occasional hare started from her form. For the young girl's thoughts were far away, as she cantered her Arab barb along a well-worn track. She was very homesick; she longed to see again the blue Baltic waves breaking on the yellow sands of Pomerania, the sand dunes, and the mighty pine trees. How happy she had been in her simple home at Wolgast, on the quayside where the boats from Stralsund arrived. And her merry fair-haired cousin Caspar Roden, a student of Greifswald University; what a contrast he was to this old Russian bear! for Laetitia had been secretly engaged to Caspar.

She was awakened from her daydreams by the growling of her borzoi, and looking up she saw a solitary horseman approaching her.

Mazeppa, a born horseman, rode with a faultless grace. He presented a striking picture as he sat with bared head on his now restless steed; his black locks, worn long after the fashion of the day, framing the lines of his clear-cut features; and his colour heightened by the unexpected meeting. Although there was an unmistakable touch of something shrewd and calculating about his eyes, which might be the heritage of some Eastern ancestor, to Laetitia he appeared the handsomest man she had ever seen.

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For a moment Mazeppa was utterly at a loss as to the identity of the fair stranger, then realising that he had wandered some twelve miles from home and that he must be on the confines of the Falbovsky estate, he knew that she must be the old man's German wife. To Laetitia's delight Mazeppa addressed her in her native language, which she had not spoken for a year, and after introducing himself asked permission to accompany her as far as her home.

It was a memorable ride for both, and before parting they arranged to meet again next day. Laetitia was cured of her nostalgia. Mazeppa riding home alone no longer thought of a military career, the armies of France, Spain, Austria and Russia were consigned to oblivion; he could think only of laughing blue eyes and coils of flaxen hair! She had confided to him that Falbovsky would be absent in Moscow for at least a month. Moscow was over five hundred miles away and Mazeppa decided to make the most of his opportunities.

In a glade set in the midst of a small forest, only two miles from the Falbovsky mansion, a black stallion and an Arab barb might be seen daily, grazing on the fresh green grass, and nearby on the mossy bank of a stream a dark head and a fair head—very close to one another. Laetitia usually approached the trysting place along a track made by the charcoal burners; Mazeppa, in order not to attract attention, forced his way through the thick undergrowth of hazel and oak saplings, where no path existed.

As the days went on Mazeppa's passion increased, he became bold and almost foolhardy. Someone saw to it that a garden door in the castle wall, and also a lower window, were left open at night. Often they met thus when all was quiet, and it was sometimes dawn before the impatient black stallion was untethered in the forest glade and ridden home by his owner.

When Falbovsky returned from Moscow, Mazeppa's visits ceased for a while, but after a few weeks the lovers could not stand the separation any longer; and whenever her husband was away for a day Laetitia sent a message to Mazeppa, who

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immediately mounted his horse and rode over to see her. And so for a while the lovers lived in a fool's paradise. Only too well they knew it could not last. One day they would be discovered and then—*rasplata*—the reckoning! Meanwhile the spice of danger added to the piquancy of their clandestine meetings.

Khadijah and Aminah, the two Circassian girls, had been purchased by Falbovsky from a rich merchant of Astrakhan. Since Laetitia's arrival they had been somewhat neglected by their owner, and with true oriental jealousy they hated the blonde stranger who had supplanted them. Although confined to one wing of the mansion and restricted to certain parts of the grounds, the two girls watched Laetitia with jealous interest. It was not long before they discovered Mazeppa's secret visits, and they decided to take vengeance on the fair-haired northerner.

When Falbovsky was told of his wife's infidelity he would not at first believe the story, attributing it merely to feminine jealousy. But, subsequently, put on the alert by the gossip of his servants the old cuckold decided to make use of a trick by no means original even in those days. He announced one morning to Laetitia that he was about to start on a journey to Kiev to buy horses, and that he would be absent for some days. After preparations for the journey had been made, Falbovsky left with two servants ostensibly in the direction of Kiev. About a mile from his castle he left the Kiev road and halted on the track which led towards Mazeppa's estate.

Falbovsky had not long to wait before he was overtaken by one of his own servants who was riding post haste in the direction of Mazeppa's house. The man was stopped; at first he prevaricated and said that he was merely exercising his horse. But when a pistol was presented at his head he rapidly came to his senses and handed over a letter addressed to Mazeppa. Falbovsky tore it open, and his face turned a dull red colour as he read: "My darling, come over at once, the coast is clear, the old bear has left for Kiev and will be away for at least two nights.—Your own Laetitia."

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Khadijah and Aminah had not lied; he had been fooled by his young wife! Now for revenge! Controlling his violent temper the old man returned the letter to the frightened servant, ordering him to deliver it to Mazeppa forthwith, and adding that if the man should mention the interception he would be flayed alive.

On a fallen tree by the side of the track sat Falbovsky fanning himself with his hat, for the day was warm and the flies troublesome; behind him stood his two faithful servants; their horses tethered nearby. The two men were talking in subdued voices. "What possessed our master to bring this great coil of rope?" said Ivan, the elder of the two. "For we have a picketing rope on each horse if it be needed," he continued, pointing to a coil of rope attached to Falbovsky's saddle.

"The ways of the nobility are difficult for us to understand," replied the other, taking some sunflower seeds from his pocket and munching them in silence.

Even in the shade of the wood it was unendurably hot, a fierce hot wind which waved the trees brought no comfort. Falbovsky was getting irritable and impatient. Had the messenger played him false?

Suddenly the keen eyesight of the younger servant espied a little cloud of dust on the horizon. "Master! Master! look yonder!" he cried.

Slowly the cloud increased in size and then a horseman could be seen—a black horse galloping fast, its rider leaning forward in the saddle. Falbovsky electrified into action at the sight, jumped up from the fallen tree calling out to his men: "He will be here in five minutes, stand in the road and signal him to stop."

The black horse disappeared in a fold of the ground and it was some minutes before he rose the incline and appeared on the crest of the hill. Now the watchers could hear the thud of the horse's hooves as he thundered towards them covered

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with sweat. Mazeppa could be seen riding with a loose rein and perfect seat, his black locks flying in the breeze. Then for the first time he saw the men across the road, and realised that they were signalling him to stop. Thinking that some accident had occurred or that the men had been sent by Laetitia to warn him, Mazeppa with some difficulty reined in his horse, dismounted and enquired what was amiss. The servants were silent, but from behind a tree appeared Falbovsky, nearly speechless with rage.

They were a quaint contrast as they stood facing one another, the husband and the lover; the former stout, ugly, and hirsute, shaking his fists in a threatening way and pouring out a torrent of abuse interlarded with strange oaths; the latter lithe, debonair and handsome and looking rather bored with the whole affair, occasionally taking a pinch of snuff and flicking it off his coat with a silk handkerchief. When Falbovsky paused for breath Mazeppa with the utmost composure offered him a pinch of snuff and then in a languid tone protested that this was the first assignment and that the reasons for his visit were strictly honourable.

The two men looked hard into each other's eyes; those of the one aflame with fury, the other steady and cool. Falbovsky turned to Ivan, the older of the two servants, and enquired: "How often has this boyar visited the house during my absence?"

"As many times as I have hairs on my head," replied the serf.

Infuriated at this disclosure Falbovsky seized Mazeppa by the throat and, with the help of the two servants, bore him to the ground. Although a strong man Mazeppa could not resist his three opponents and in a few minutes he lay writhing in the dust, bound hand and foot.

Meanwhile the black stallion, quite unmoved by his master's suffering, was grazing placidly by the side of the road.

Falbovsky, who had now recovered his breath after the struggle and was surveying his victim with malicious satisfaction,

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beckoned the two serfs to him: "A short while ago," he said, "while I was sitting on yonder tree trunk, I heard you discussing the coil of stout rope which is attached to my saddle. The time has now come," he continued, "to make use of it, but first strip the scoundrel stark naked!"

When this had been done Falbovsky, with the assistance of his men, lifted the nude and struggling Mazeppa on to the black horse and lashed him firmly on its back with many turns of the rope. The unfortunate man's legs were secured round the horse's neck, his body was held in place on its back by a turn of the rope which acted like a saddle girth, his hands were tied on either side under the horse's belly, while his head lay on its hindquarters. When the ropes had been tightened to Falbovsky's satisfaction, so that they cut into Mazeppa's white flesh, and there was no chance of the horse losing his burden, the bridle was removed. Falbovsky then produced two loaded pistols from his holsters, handed them to his servants, telling them to fire close to the stallion's head while he laid on behind with a whip.

Lashed into a frenzy by the explosions of the pistol and the cuts of the whip the spirited animal galloped madly down the road with its human burden. Naturally the horse took the nearest way to his stable some ten miles distant, and he followed the forest track along which Mazeppa had so often ridden him back at dawn. Mazeppa, still conscious, knew that they would soon reach the glade where he and Laetitia used to meet, but that once past that place the forest was almost impassable except at a walk. In staccato tones, for his head was being violently shaken at every movement, he shouted to the horse to stop, but the black stallion uncontrolled and frightened at his unusual burden only responded by galloping faster. Would he slow down to a walk when he reached the thicket? Surely he must remember that he had always been ridden at a walk through that part of the wood, pushing his way through the undergrowth! Mazeppa muttered a prayer to St. George, protector of horses.

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MAZEPPA

(After a picture in the Paris Salon, 1900, by Checa)

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Suddenly an enormous bound, and wracked with pain he realized that they had jumped the stream, on the banks of which Laetitia and he used to recline—in a few seconds the horse would reach the thicket! Mazeppa closed his eyes. With a crash the stallion bounded into a tangled mass of branches and young saplings. The cry of anguish which escaped his human burden only made him increase his pace. Mazeppa was already bleeding in a hundred places, his white skin a mass of ragged tears. The wood was half a mile thick, he remembered, and then nine miles of open steppe still separated him from his home. Surely the Almighty would have mercy, and put him out of his agony before the steppe was reached! If only the stout bough of a tree would deal him a blow on the head, and a merciful death. And then as if to taunt him, the black stallion lunged against the trunk of a great oak tree, and Mazeppa was just conscious that his left arm was broken below the shoulder.

The wood was left behind and the cool breeze of the steppe for a few seconds revived his waning consciousness. The horse galloped on, foaming at the nostrils and flecked with sweat; his mane flying in the breeze, still mad with the terror of his unknown burden. Every bound forward racked Mazeppa's aching limbs, his breath came in short gasps, his head felt like bursting; something hot was welling up continually into his throat, that had to be swallowed down and kept burning up again; it flowed in thin red streams from his mouth. Great drops of sweat stood out on his forehead. The agony was passing now, he felt himself sinking, floating down softly to a great depth, softly, softly . . . Laetitia, Laetitia . . . and then no more . . .

The sun went down and blue shadows began to creep over the steppe. The black stallion broke into a walk and stopped at a well-known water hole. Having drunk his fill he walked on somewhat laboriously; for he, too, had not come unscathed through the forest. At length he reached his own stable just as the cows were being driven in from the open steppe.

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It was one of those wonderful evenings such as are found only in the Ukraine. The stars were shining in the limpid heaven; the air fragrant with the scent of newly-cut hay. The silver leaves of the poplars, which surrounded Mazeppa's house, trembled faintly in the evening breeze. From one chimney arose the black thick smoke of a just kindled oven, for Anna Gurka the housekeeper was about to cook the evening meal. She showed no anxiety at Mazeppa's absence, for he was often away on some mysterious errand for a whole night, and no one in the house knew where he went.

Suddenly she hears a shriek of terror! Her heart stands still, for like all Cossacks she is superstitious. Was it a werewolf?

The cowherd had just seen the black horse with the bleeding and bruised body of Mazeppa still on his back! Petrified with fear, the lad crossed himself; and rushing into the Manor House cried out that he had seen a ghost and that the black stallion was bewitched.

When Anna knew that the shriek arose from the cowherd and not from a werewolf she recovered herself. In a moment she had reached the stable yard where she found Batka and the groom cutting the ropes which bound Mazeppa's unconscious body to the stallion. A glance told her that he was still alive, and tenderly, with the aid of the men, she carried him into the house.

[*The following is a précis of the events which take place during the succeeding twenty years:* Mazeppa recovers—gypsies tell his fortune, "he will become a great man, will consort with the highest in the land, and he will take a terrible revenge on an enemy." He decides to join the Cossacks of the Southern Ukraine, who were alternately a thorn in the sides of Poland and Muscovy. But the Cossack leaders, unskilled in diplomacy, illiterate and quarrelsome, had never been able to exploit their successes. Some day Mazeppa would become their Hetman—once properly organized, and blood feuds abolished, he would lead these wild men from victory to victory. Finally,

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there would be an independent Cossack State, consisting of the Ukraine, Podolia and Volhynia; and—a crown for himself! He joins the Zaporogian Cossacks of the Right bank of the Dnieper, who sided sometimes with the Poles and sometimes with Turks, but who were always hostile to Moscow. After some years he is appointed Writer General or Military Secretary. In this capacity he is sent as envoy to Constantinople to solicit the help of Mahomet IV against the Russians. The mission fails and Mazeppa is captured on a Turkish ship at the mouth of the Dnieper by the Cossacks of the Left bank, who are friendly with Russia. He is forwarded to Moscow as a prize, is put to the torture and is released when the "investigator" hears his history. The Tsar Alexis is impressed by the education and bearing of the ex-courtier of King John Casimir, and he realizes that Mazeppa will make a useful liaison officer between the Cossacks of the Ukraine and the Government of Moscow. Mazeppa returns to the Dnieper, with letters from the Tsar, and eventually succeeds in uniting the Cossacks of both banks. The united Cossacks of the Ukraine can now put some 50,000 men in the field at short notice, a useful asset to the Tsar, and Mazeppa is made much of whenever he visits the Imperial Court. The Tsar Alexis dies. Prince Golytsin and his mistress Sophia, Regent during the future Peter the Great's minority, scheme to seize the throne. Mazeppa promises the help of his Cossacks, when the time is ripe for a *coup d'état*. Secretly he decides to sit on the fence, in case the attempt should fail. Sophia, the Regent, decides on a campaign against the Khan of the Crimea, and she appoints her lover, Prince Golytsin, to command the ill-fated expedition (which does not even reach the Perekop), assisted by Mazeppa and his Cossacks. The army reaches Kulak, a small town on the Dnieper, where Golytsin halts for a few days while awaiting his supply column. He calls Mazeppa into his tent and tells him that he has received proofs that a certain Falbovsky, who lives in the neighbourhood, has in return for a sum of money supplied information to the Khan of the Crimea about the strength and dispositions of the Imperial Army. Golytsin gives orders that Falbovsky be put

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to death and his house destroyed, as an example to others. Mazeppa casually remarks that he happens to know the district, that the Falbovsky estate is only three days march distant, and that he could do the job with a hundred Cossacks and be back within a week. Golytsin agrees, and Mazeppa sets off.]

II.

A hundred horses were tethered in the forest glade two miles distant from the Falbovsky mansion. Mazeppa and his Cossacks had arrived at sunset after a trying ride under a June sun. To him the beauty of the flower-covered steppe was entirely lost, for his mind was obsessed with the lust of revenge. Before commencing the final stage of their journey Mazeppa had, that morning, explained the object of the expedition to his Cossacks. He told them of Falbovsky's treachery to the Russians, and also about Laetitia and that terrible ride.

"Such a monster," concluded Mazeppa, "deserves a terrible death; but first his house shall be set on fire and razed to the ground. You, my Cossacks, will be rewarded for your strenuous three days' march in midsummer, for you may loot the mansion before firing it!"

The men cheered, for they loved this leader, and they were happy at the idea of taking revenge on his former enemy; and the prospect of looting a boyar's fine mansion appealed to them enormously.

During the march only one thing troubled Mazeppa; would Falbovsky be at home? This question had, however, been answered by a serf captured outside the wood, who, after being threatened, admitted that his master was in the mansion.

Mazeppa sat on the bank of the brook, in which the horses were being watered, and his thoughts went back to those radiant days, so many years ago, when he and his beloved had reclined in the same place. The forest glade was little changed, for the woodcutters had kept it clear of undergrowth in order to ensure grazing for their draught horses. Almost suddenly it became dark. Mazeppa awoke from his reverie and got up, for there was work to be done.

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He called for the Cossack Ensign and gave his orders: "Before the moon rises, fifty men, dismounted, will form a cordon round the mansion and secure anyone who attempts to leave the grounds; at ten o'clock the rest of us, with the exception of twenty men left with the horses, will arrive at the gate in the garden wall opposite the side entrance of the mansion; I shall then issue further orders."

When the men had left on foot, leaving their lances stacked on the ground, Mazeppa again called to the Ensign.

"A dozen men to follow me for collecting firewood."

The night was dark, warm, and calm. One vast cloud obscured the moon. Mazeppa waited impatiently while the cloud moved very slowly further and further away, for there was no wind. At length it became light enough for him to take his bearings. He recognized an enormous oak tree as a landmark, for under this tree lay the tangled track to the open steppe and his own estate ten miles away. And through this very undergrowth of hazel and oak saplings, some of which had since grown into trees, the black stallion had borne him on that terrible ride. Mazeppa shivered, though the night was warm. Suddenly he had an idea. Yes, with dead wood taken from these very trees, which had lacerated him, should the fire be kindled!

For an hour the men hacked with their knives and broke off branches, which were collected to make a pyre in the centre of the clearing. Mazeppa, pacing to and fro while the work was in progress, espied a huge caldron, used for boiling pitch, into which the woodcutters were wont to dip the stakes which they cut. A sinister smile crept over his handsome features. At his command six men raised the iron vessel and placed it in the centre of the pyre.

"Fill the caldron with water," said Mazeppa in a low voice, a voice which seemed to him to belong to someone else. "Ah! Ah!" cried the Cossacks, who now realized what was afoot. "Not since the days of our terrible Hetman Bogdan has this been done!" said an old Cossack, with a cruel leer, to his companion. Every fifth Cossack carried a leather bucket

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on his saddle, and with these buckets the caldron was soon filled with water from the stream.

Mazeppa called to the Ensign: "Fall in all the men, except the horse-picket guard, and follow me." In silence the party marched the two miles to the mansion, and halted outside the garden gate. The Cossack in charge of the cordon reported, in a whisper, that no one had left the house.

Mazeppa gave his next order to the Ensign.

"Four Cossacks with pistols primed and swords drawn will knock at the front door and if necessary force their way into the house. They will demand to see Prince Falbovsky, and inform him that Ivan Stefanovitch Mazeppa is without, and would like to meet him again. If Falbovsky demurs he is to be carried out. If any servant shows resistance he is to be cut down at once!"

In a magnificent dining room, the walls of which were hung with life-size oil paintings, armour, and trophies of the chase, sat two men. The one, elderly and stout, whose somewhat Mongol features betrayed a Kalmuk origin, was in a hilarious mood. For the wine was good and Falbovsky had drunk deeply. The other, a middle-aged man with regular features and a short black beard, was still sober. He was a merchant from Kharkov, one Peter Sitnikov, who had journeyed for three days in order to negotiate about the sale of one of Falbovsky's estates near that town.

To them entered a frightened lackey: "Sir, there are some Cossacks in the hall who desire to——"

"Silence, fellow," cried Falbovsky, "don't interrupt us; if you can't get rid of them yourself fetch Nikolai, the steward, and tell him to throw them out!"

Sitnikov was alarmed. "Cossacks!" he exclaimed. "What do they want at this time of night, and whence have they come?"

Falbovsky hiccupped and laughed uproariously at the merchant's anxiety.

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"Don't be alarmed my dear fellow," said he, "they are not real Cossacks; these wandering minstrels of the Ukraine usually style themselves so, because they sing the old Cossack Epics."

Sitnikov looked relieved; he filled himself another glass of wine and was just putting it to his lips when the lackey rushed into the room with terror depicted on his features.

"Well," cried Falbovsky, who was now too drunk to notice the man's terrified expression, "has Nikolai thrown out the Cossack Minstrels?"

With chattering teeth the lackey stammered out his reply in a low voice: "Nikolai has lost his head!"

"Tut! Tut! man, if Nikolai is too drunk to throw out a couple of minstrel beggars," said Falbovsky rising, "I will have to do so myself!"

"The Cossack's scimitar—in one stroke—Nikolai beheaded!" stuttered the lackey.

This last piece of information sobered Falbovsky, but further explanation was unnecessary as the four Cossacks burst into the room. At the same moment the merchant Sitnikov slid off his chair and crept under the table. The leading Cossack addressed himself to Falbovsky: "Are you the boyar Falbovsky who owns this house?" Falbovsky nodded. "I am to inform you that Ivan Stefanovitch Mazeppa is without and would like to meet you once more!"

Falbovsky's purple face slowly turned a chalky white colour. He had suddenly become quite sober. "Mazeppa!" he muttered to himself. "And what does he want of me?" he asked.

"That I have already told you," replied the Cossack, "and if you refuse to come out we have orders to carry you!"

Supported by a Cossack on either side, with tottering steps Falbovsky staggered out of his dining room. In the hall he shrank back from a dreadful sight—what had been Nikolai! In the courtyard outside the mansion an awe-inspiring sight met his eyes.

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In the centre sat Mazeppa in a large chair, which Falbovsky, although nearly out of his mind with fear, recognized as one out of his own hall. On either side of Mazeppa stood a Cossack with a torch, and forming a large semicircle in the background stood a hundred Cossacks, two deep, each with a truss of straw under his arm.

"Bring the prisoner before me," called out Mazeppa, "for I have a few words to say to him."

"Ivan Falbovsky," said he, "we meet again, but this time our positions are reversed! You have been convicted of treacherous correspondence with the Khan of the Crimea. You have received a large sum of money from him for divulging the strength and dispositions of the Imperial Army. You have attempted to sell Holy Russia to the Infidel. By Imperial Ukase you have been condemned to death, and your house is to be burnt to the ground as a warning to other traitors. Prince Basil Golytsin, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army, has ordered me to carry out the sentence," concluded Mazeppa. Falbovsky tried to speak, but no words came, for his throat was dry.

Mazeppa turned to the Cossack Ensign: "Remove the prisoner to the stables with a strong guard over him," he ordered.

Word was then sent to the servants that if they were all out of the house in five minutes their lives would be spared. A hurried exodus followed almost immediately; the terrified servants taking the road to the nearest village.

"And now," said Mazeppa to the Ensign, "it is eleven o'clock—one hour for looting the house, and at midnight it will be set on fire."

Like a pack of hungry wolves the Cossacks rushed into the house with a rousing cheer. Some to the wine cellar, some to the kitchens, and some to the upper storeys; while the more astute made for the salons and living-rooms in search of valuables. Mazeppa sat in his chair in the courtyard con-

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templating the scene. From the windows of the mansion poured a cataract of chairs, pictures, books, plate, clothes, old-fashioned guns, and even beds.

With such *embarras de richesse* the uncivilized Cossacks scarcely knew what they wanted most; and more or less by tacit agreement, they hurled everything they could lay hands on out of the windows into the courtyard below, to be divided afterwards. But the spirits and wine in the cellars soon began to take effect, and before midnight at least fifty men were lying about dead drunk.

Mazeppa hastily ordered a roll call, and, after counting the recumbent forms, with his Ensign searched every room. At length all the men, both drunk and sober, were accounted for; including the merchant of Kharkov, who was dragged out from under the dining-room table, and thus escaped cremation.

The great clock in the tower of the mansion boomed out the hour of midnight.

In every room on the ground floor a pile of furniture was erected and under the pile a few trusses of straw. Four Cossacks, each entering by separate doors fired the rooms, and then rushed out of the building.

The Falbovsky Mansion was alight.

Mazeppa rose from his chair in the courtyard and ordered the Ensign to fetch Falbovsky from the stable. The wretched man was in such a collapsed condition that he had to be conveyed in a farm cart towards the forest clearing. Behind the cart followed Mazeppa and as many of the Cossacks as were sober. In silence, broken only by the crackling of the fire, and crashes of masonry the grim procession wended its way along the forest track. Even at this distance the air was full of sparks, for a breeze had sprung up which wafted great clouds of black smoke towards the wood. Dawn was near, but the huge conflagration lighted up the countryside for miles.

At length the clearing in the forest was reached. Falbovsky was lifted out of the cart.

"Strip the scoundrel stark naked," cried Mazeppa, using the words which his victim had used nearly twenty years ago.

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"Now tie his hands and feet and truss him up so that he will fit into the caldron," continued Mazeppa. At this stage Falbovsky found his voice and cried for mercy.

"I must obey my orders," answered Mazeppa, "but the manner of your death is left to me; you shall be boiled alive in yonder caldron; the pyre consists of wood taken from the trees which lacerated me, when you perpetrated your fiendish deed, on this very spot twenty years ago. You are responsible for the death of Laetitia; she died of a cruel solitary confinement; had she survived you would have escaped with death by hanging on the bough of that oak tree," concluded Mazeppa pointing to the great oak.

The old Cossack, who had lived in the days of the terrible Bogdan, now took charge of the affair. By his orders Falbovsky, still screaming for mercy, was placed in the caldron with a splash which caused the water to overflow.

"He is shivering now!" said the grim old man, as the cold water closed round the victim's neck, "but he will be warm enough soon!"

The pyre was lit. Mazeppa turned his back on the dreadful sight. He walked far into the forest and even out on to the open steppe, ever pursued by the sound of crackling firewood and the agonizing screams of his victim. Gradually the cries became weaker and weaker, then they ceased.

Mazeppa threw himself down on the flower-covered steppe, which sparkled with dew under the first rays of the sun. He felt calm now, and his features no longer betrayed that sinister expression which they had shown during the last three days. The old Gipsy's prophecy had been fulfilled—he "had taken a very terrible revenge on the man who had illtreated him"!

The sun was up, the world was awake and overhead the larks were circling. Mazeppa still lay dozing in the sweet-smelling grass, oblivious of his surroundings. He was awoken from his reverie by a touch on the shoulder. The Cossack Ensign had tracked his chief through the forest and was asking for orders.

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"It is finished," said the Ensign. Mazeppa nodded. "And when do we commence our return journey?" he continued, "for half the men have not yet recovered from last night's debauch."

"To-morrow at dawn we return to Kulak on the Dnieper and rejoin the Imperial Army; our mission has been faithfully carried out," replied Mazeppa.

"It is well," said the other, "for by that time every man will be fit for our three days' journey."

"Meanwhile," said Mazeppa, "send me my horse and a mounted orderly; I shall return to this spot to-night, where you will assemble all the Cossacks ready for the start at dawn; for we shall not occupy the bivouack in the forest clearing any more."

The Ensign saluted and withdrew.

At midday Mazeppa with one Cossack was approaching his own manor house which he had not seen for twenty years. The silver poplars which surrounded it had grown considerably. The house itself looked smaller. On the open steppe amongst the cows, a black horse was grazing. A black stallion with enormous crest, long tangled mane, flowing tail, and legs as clean as a three-year-old. Mazeppa looked at the horse intently. Yes! he was no doubt *the* stallion, for his two near-side feet were white and there was a large blaze on his forehead! He must be at least twenty-five years old mused Mazeppa; and he remembered that the horse had been turned out and given his liberty a few days after the terrible ride.

Anna, the housekeeper, now an old woman but still active and upright, was delighted to welcome her master again. Through her Cossack relations she had heard of his successful career. "You will soon be Hetman!" she exclaimed. "Do you remember that old Gipsy's prophecy, that you would become a very great man?" she continued.

"Certain other things connected with that prophecy have already been fulfilled!" he replied. "But tell me is that really the black stallion grazing outside?" pointing out of the window.

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"Yes, that is the old horse," replied Anna, "he often disappears into the open steppe for a week or two, but always turns up again; in the winter he follows the cows into the stockyard to be fed."

When Anna had prepared a meal for her master she asked him the meaning of the vast column of smoke which had appeared miles away out on the steppe, at dawn.

"That," said Mazeppa, "was another fulfilment of the Gipsy's prophecy; and had your vision been more acute you might have seen two columns of smoke, the one Falbovsky, the other his mansion, for the scoundrel has paid the penalty for his misdeeds."

The old woman crossed herself and muttered "The Lord be praised!"

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THE WAR FROM OCTOBER 1941 *TO JANUARY* 1942

By "Observer"

In Europe

The events of the third autumn of the war brought no decided change in the general position of the belligerents, and though gigantic and striking in themselves, tended more to accentuate than to alter the general trend of the course of the war. But the entry of Japan on the side of the Axis, brought in also the United States on the side of the Allies, and radically altered its whole scale and complexion. Before entering upon a narrative of the main events, however, it will be well to deal with what for the moment must be considered the subsidiary aspects of the war.

The battle of the oceans (for with the extension of the war to the Pacific and the intensification of our attacks on Axis shipping in the Mediterranean, the well-worn phrase "battle of the Atlantic" is now a misnomer) takes a more and more decisive trend in our favour. No detailed figures have been published since those given by Mr. Churchill in October last, which chronicled a fall in our own shipping losses by two-thirds, and a steep rise in those of Axis shipping. In the following months there was a further fall, and the figures for the five months to the end of 1941, being only a fifth of those for the preceding five months. Our protective methods are now at a high pitch of completion. There is evidence too that the hostile U-boat crews are deteriorating in training and morale, and in this duty only the best can suffice. No doubt the long tale of craft missing or lost is a discouraging factor, for the number of sinkings of enemy submarines is known to be increasing, and their opportunities for profitable attack becoming rarer and more perilous.

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The sea air raider, too, is being more successfully countered with the improvement on the part of our mercantile marine guns and crews and the increased mounting of fighter aircraft on ships of our convoys. Here again the effect is shown both in the rise in the numbers of hostile aircraft destroyed while engaged in the task of commerce harrying, and in the lessening frequency of their attacks. This trend again is likely to increase rather than to be reversed as the weeks pass.

The surface commerce raider, on the other hand, still presents something of a problem. There are several of them still at large though three have been accounted for in the last few weeks—one unfortunately at the high price of the loss of the fine Australian cruiser "Sydney." The life of these raiders may be fairly prolonged, and though their ultimate fate is usually inevitable, their effect, while they last, is often considerable. Lately they appear to have taken to hunting in close company with U-boats, and, at any rate in the case of two of the three raiders sunk recently, our victorious ships were unable to stay on the scene of the action to rescue survivors, because of the suspected presence of lurking submarines; possibly it was a torpedo from one that brought about the otherwise somewhat inexplicable loss of the "Sydney."

On the whole, however, it may safely be said that even allowing for the additional problems and increased shipping strain and losses, that the extension of the war will surely entail, our maritime position is reasonably secure. We shall never be free of the submarine, the surface raider, and the commerce destroying aircraft, so long as it pays the enemy to risk them in attack and he retains the will and the power to do so. The day may come—it is not yet even in sight—when the game will no longer be worth the candle, and all these efforts have become too ruinously costly and too obviously ineffective. Meanwhile we must continue to reckon with them. So long, too, as the bulk of our convoys are compelled to take the long route via the Cape of Good Hope to the Middle East instead of the short one through the Mediterranean—which would enable us to cut our shipping effort in this area by two-

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thirds—or to maintain a force two-thirds larger, whichever should be our best policy—there is still something left for our maritime effort to achieve in order to attain the complete success desirable. That achievement, however, can only follow a full victory on land in Libya, and the closure to the enemy of all the North African harbours, whether his own or belonging to his 'collaborators," now or in future likely to be available for his use.

Meanwhile there are sentimental, probably rather than vital, losses for us to deplore in the recent sinking of such fine ships as the "Ark Royal," the "Cossack," and the "Sydney," that have already done such valiant deeds in the previous period of the war, and have made their names as famous and beloved among us as hated and dreaded in the Axis lands. Many of their crews still survive to serve in the newer and more powerful ships that are available to replace them, though here, too, particularly in the "Sydney," there have been grievous losses. But the fact that we were able to despatch, with little reduction of our strength in more vital areas of war, so large a squadron to the Far East as the crisis there began to blow up, is the best testimony to the rise of our power at sea. That squadron, however, has since suffered damaging loss, and thereby the strain on our naval resources has been much increased; we shall meet it and overcome it, despite difficulties in the immediate future; but there will still be stern times ahead at sea, despite the recent decline in the hostile effort in the Atlantic and elsewhere.

So much for affairs at sea. In the air the German attack on this country has almost petered out, not perhaps for good, but certainly at a season when last year it was almost at its zenith and conditions are usually favourable for sustained and effective effort. Actually this autumn they have been abnormally unsatisfactory; this has even stopped our bombers from using their full effort, but it cannot in itself account for the German inactivity. Something must no doubt be credited to the growing effectiveness of our anti-aircraft defence, which has dealt severely with the few isolated individual raiders that have ventured within

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its range. But clearly the chief reason for the German neglect to molest us is that he no longer has the strength to spare for what last year proved a destructive but futile undertaking, failing in any way effectively to further his war purposes. Some time ago we ventured to prophesy here that this would be so, and that the hostile air offensive over Britain, by day or by night, had passed its peak and would not only diminish but never be so intense again. If the enemy manages to free himself from some of his other present preoccupations—which is unlikely, for the initiative in the matter no longer rests with him—he might still find better use for the aircraft thus liberated for service elsewhere. We may still have to face spasmodic attacks, heavy and perhaps destructive locally—and costly to the assailants. But Britain's most fiery trial from the air is over and done with, and she has survived it.

As for the peril of invasion, it appears, as we have always reckoned it, a gamble for which the enemy seems less and less inclined the greater grow the risks and the unlikelihood of success, and these are now more prohibitive than ever. It seems now to be generally agreed that the danger of invasion by sea is not serious, but there has been a recrudescence of reports that massed attack by air is in active preparation. The dissemination of such stories is obviously profitable for the enemy, for it is much to his interest to keep as large a force as possible tied up in the defence of this island. The writer's opinion on this point remains what it has always been; that such an attack can have no prospects of even temporary or local success unless the command of the air can first be secured and held. Otherwise the invader will pay for whatever damage he may be able to do by swift and complete destruction. His chances of securing command of the air over this country are as good as non-existent. Whether under these conditions, Hitler, now in personal supreme command in Germany, will think it worth while to throw away forces from sheer lust of destruction remains to be seen. It is not impossible that under the urge of hate or desperation he might do so, and for this

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we must always be prepared. In the writer's view, again a purely personal one, the more Germany's prospects of ultimate victory fade the less—and not the more—probable will such an attempt be, for the deterrents, fear of the immediate and ultimate retribution that she would incur by such an attempt, will then be well and vividly present in her people's minds. But pathological cases, such as that of Germany's present rulers, afford uncertain data for accurate prophecy. Such an attack might be delivered, but the period is past when, even if moderately successful for a time, it could be more than an unimportant episode in the war, without influence one way or the other on the final issue.

The weight of our own air offensive against Germany and Italy continues to grow steadily in appearance, if slowly. Owing to the greater number of aircraft used in it, and the increased tonnage and effectiveness of bombs dropped, its rise in intensity is greater than is generally appreciated, and this despite the persistence of bad flying weather and the occasionally somewhat alarming increase in the number of machines that fail to return. Bombing offensives, like blockades, never show startling or spectacular results against a well-armed and fully prepared adversary; their effect is slow, but steady and accumulative, and often imperceptible to the outsider or the ill-informed observer. If there is some disappointment that there is as yet little sign of appreciable results, it must be realised that only in their penultimate and decisive stages will these appear visible to the naked eye. The German armed forces will be the last to experience any shortage of what they need to fight and live, and their own people and the occupied countries of Europe will be the first to suffer long and hard privations. This stage is approaching, if it has not already set in, but its effects on the course and conduct of the war can hardly follow for some little time yet. But with the passing of superiority in the air from the Axis to the Allies, and the gradual but inexorable increase of this air superiority, there will be intensified the gradual whittling away of the enemy's

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will and means to war. By itself this may not bring victory, but we are no longer dependent on it alone, for with the advent of Russia and America into the war and the growth of our own armed forces there now exists the possibility of defeating the enemy decisively on land, which is generally agreed to be an essential preliminary to any peace worthy the name, of the vast efforts put forth to achieve it. To the winning of this peace, which air power alone would find it hard, long and costly to attain, its contribution will be vital and potent,—increasingly so as time goes on, and our aerial supremacy grows, and the scale and effect of our blows against the enemy's heart becomes more fearsome and destructive.

From these topics we must now turn to the Russian campaign, which still remains the main focus of interest of the war, despite the recent outbreak of hostilities in the Far East.

Following on Hitler's speech of October 2nd, he announced that an offensive, which would be decisive of the issue of the conflict with Russia, had been long and carefully prepared, and was even then in full progress, news came in that the Germans were launching a series of furious and weighty attacks on the two fronts west of Moscow and in the south. The first of these continued for a whole month without cessation, and was then broken off for a short space, partly because of the onset of unfavourable weather, but more by reason of the growing exhaustion of the attackers' resources. It had carried them some way forward and had enabled them to widen the front of the threat to Moscow as far to the north as the railway from the capital to Leningrad, and as far south as the area of Tula. But the Russians by prodigies of valour had held them at arm's length from the outskirts of the city, to which they were at no point nearer than some 35 miles. At this distance they were brought to a stand on a wide arc, embracing Moscow to north-west, west, south-west and south; every attempt made to outflank the stubborn Russian defenders by stretching the battlefront still wider was successfully met and held before it could gain any ground of decisive value. Having widened his embrace as far as he dared, the enemy then resorted

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to heavy thrusts at likely weak points, but though this policy brought him local gains of ground, these were won only at high cost, and altered the general battle situation but little. The tactics of deep armoured drives through the hostile defences, followed by pincer attacks and encircling movements, which had served the Germans so well in the initial phase of the war, were now abandoned, partly because of the thickening of the Russian defences and the greater swiftness and skill of their counter-measures, partly because the heavily forested country round Moscow confined the areas of possible attacks, but chiefly because of the dwindling strength of the German armoured mobile forces, to whom the leading role in these tactics fell. Instead, the German panzer divisions were grouped singly with one or two mobile and normal type formations to form a large extemporised corps, capable of carrying through independent operations as a self-contained body. The role of the panzer troops thus became one of accompaniment to the other slower arms, which they led into and assisted in battle. This change in their use marked a general decline in the tempo of operations over the whole eastern theatre, which by mid-December had temporarily congealed into static warfare all along the northern and central fronts, and remained still more or less fluid only in the south.

The great battle for Moscow fell into two parts, the first lasting all October, the second from early November to mid-December. In the early days of the first stage the enemy's progress along the direct road from Smolensk to the capital was at an alarming rate, and when it was brought to a stand forty miles out, the rapid extension of the fighting to the flanks freed Marshal Timoshenko with a recurring series of crises, all of which looked full of peril. But he was able to deal with them all, thanks to the fine fighting quality and increasing skill of his armies, and nowhere did the Germans succeed in establishing themselves closer to Moscow than some forty miles—a reasonably, though not comfortably, safe distance.

The second stage of the battle was much less fruitful for the Germans, and resolved itself into a series of heavy and

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sustained local battles astride the various approaches to Moscow, from north and north-west round to south, with half-hearted attempts to reach out eastwards to the Moscow lines of communications to north and south-east. These, however, were never seriously imperilled, for the German power of attack was obviously failing all the time, and the battle appeared to be continued rather for administrative, or even political, rather than for strategic reasons. It involved the assailants in heavy losses for little or no result, and the full advent of Russian winter put an end to it, with Moscow, like Leningrad, still out of the Germans' grasp, and the Russian armies still strong and as full of fight as ever. General Zukhov, who had taken Marshal Timoshenko's place at the head of the central group of Russian armies on the latter's departure for the south, had an easier and more straightforward battle to handle than his predecessor, but had proved himself fully equal to the occasion.

North of the Moscow area the situation remained throughout the period little altered from what it had been at the beginning. The Finns, now flagrantly and openly allies of the Germans, continued their toilsome and ineffective attacks along the line of the Murmansk railway. The Germans made a new attempt to storm Leningrad, but an advance against the direct railway to Moscow led to considerable fighting in the area of Tikhvin on that line, which the Russians finally recovered after it had been in enemy hands for ten days. But there was little in all this that could seriously affect the general position, which was one of stalemate, and stalemate meant defeat for the Germans, who had so loudly and repeatedly trumpeted their purpose and assurance of securing Leningrad and cutting Russia's northern communications with the outside world. As a result of her share in the fighting here, Finland was somewhat belatedly declared to be among the enemies of Britain, together with Hungary and Rumania, who had equally afforded Germany assistance in the south. The slowness of the British Government in complying with Russia's request for these declarations was somewhat puzzling to the general public.

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Despite Hitler's boasts of approaching decisive victories for Germany, which were generally taken to refer to the capture of Moscow before the end of the year, the most menacing German offensive in November was that on the southern front. This had got well under way early in October, when Kharkov fell into enemy hands, and an advance began along the north shore of the Sea of Azov, cutting off the Russian garrison of the Crimea from intercommunication with their main forces by land. By mid-November the German forward troops had penetrated into the Donetz basin and were approaching the Don in its lower reaches about Rostov. Here for the moment they halted, preparatory to a new and more vigorous offensive, and turned their main effort against the Crimea. After a preliminary check the gateway of the narrow Perekop isthmus was forced, and the peninsula invaded in strength. The Russians wisely yielded all the open interior with little attempt at resistance, and confined their efforts to the defence of the fortress and naval base of Sebastopol in the south and the approaches to the long and narrow defile of Kerch at the eastern end of the peninsula. Eventually, but only after heavy efforts and losses, the Germans succeeded in evicting them from their positions on the western side of the Kerch straits, separating the Crimea from the mainland, but Sebastopol defied all their attacks.

The state of affairs in the south evidently gave rise to anxiety at Red Army headquarters, for a two-pronged attack on both shores of the Sea of Azov, by way of Rostov and Kerch, would have gravely endangered the supply of oil from the Caucasian wells to the Soviet land and air forces, and would also menace the recently established line of supply through Persia, by which British and American war material was beginning to flow into Russia. Marshal Budenny's conduct of the operations of the southern group of Russian armies, though no doubt carried out under grave difficulties, had compared unfavourably with that of his fellow marshals in the centre and the north, and it caused little surprise when he, together with Marshal Voroshilov, who could be spared from the Leningrad front once it

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had become static, was appointed to command new armies being raised in the interior of Russia. In his place, Marshal Timoshenko, Russia's best soldier, came south from the Moscow front and set vigorously to work to reorganize and regroup his new command. Before this process was completed the Germans resumed their advance on the lower Don and seized Rostov, close by its mouth.

Thereupon Timoshenko launched his counter blow. It was directed south-west from the Don above Rostov, and opened a wide gap between the spearhead force of von Kleist, at Rostov, and the centre of von Rundstedt's group of armies, still enmeshed in the tangled industrial area of the Donetz. This blow met with instant success, the Germans apparently being taken by surprise at its weight, and the result was Von Kleist's evacuation of Rostov and hasty retreat to the west, to avoid being cut off and pinned against the northern shore of the Sea of Azov. This sudden reversal of the tide of German advance is still in full course as these lines are being written, and its future consequences can only be conjectured. It would be wise to discount over-optimistic views of these, but it may safely be said that the German threat to the Caucasus, which so short a time ago appeared so ominous, has been scotched for many months to come, if not permanently. The German operations in the south have, therefore, despite imposing initial triumphs, ended not merely in a check, but in a setback.

In mid-December, somewhat to the surprise of the world, and certainly of the Germans, the Russians passed to a strong counter-offensive on the Moscow front also. Its progress cannot be told in detail here, but its success was continuous and definite. By mid-January, the date at which these lines are written, the enemy had been forced back on both wings, and so far from being able to envelop the Soviet capital, was in peril of being outflanked and surrounded himself in the centre astride the Smolensk-Moscow road to which he still clung persistently. The coming of the first severity of winter, which struck the German troops so ill-prepared for it that all warm

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civilian clothing from home had to be hurriedly requisitioned and sent up to the front, undoubtedly added to their depression and difficulties, but the main cause of the sudden turn in the tide was the rise of Russian resources, human and material, and the moral ascendency of success which began to pass to their side as the last desperate hostile attacks on Moscow petered out at high cost to the assailants. The danger to the Russian capital no longer exists, it is doubtful if the enemy threat to it can ever be renewed in as serious a form as in the last few weeks of 1941, for though the Germans buoy themselves up with hopes of a great spring offensive it cannot be carried out with the same advantages as those which they have already enjoyed, but despite which they have failed to achieve their end.

Meanwhile in the south, too, the Russians have snatched the initiative from their adversaries. A surprise landing on the eastern tip of the Crimea, in the Kerch peninsula, drove back the Germans, and other landings on the west coast north of Sebastopol seriously imperilled the position of the besiegers of the great fortress seaport, on which heavy attacks had failed to make any impression. It is to be expected that the Germans, before the combined pressure from these two directions, will before long be compelled to retire out of the peninsula altogether, though such a retreat across the narrow Perekop isthmus, which forms their only way of escape, cannot be an easy operation. Should this anticipation be realized it may be said that the hostile threat to the Caucasus, with its valuable oil resources, and to the road for Allied supplies to Russia through Persia, will have been finally removed.

Looking back, as we may now do, over the whole course of the campaign, launched so treacherously and confidently by Hitler six months ago, it is clear that his hopes must have been grievously disappointed. He has neither knocked out the Russian armies nor captured either of their chief cities, nor cut them off from their oil supplies or from intercommunication with their neighbours. He has lost large numbers of men, tanks, guns and aircraft, and masses of material of

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war. He has doubtless inflicted large, perhaps little less large, losses on the Russians; he has seized great slices of their territory, and crippled much of their war industry, and economy. But Russia has faced and largely recovered from these losses, with the help of her Allies, and her and their resources are far greater than those that Hitler can command. Only a complete decision and a quick one could have justified the wisdom of his attack on Russia, and he has been defeated in his attempt to achieve that decision. It is highly unlikely that he will be able to secure in the spring or summer of next year what he has already failed to secure with so many chances in his favour; the balance of strength has slowly but surely been turning from the German side, and the severe Russian winter must still further sway it against them. The hostile penetration into Russia has now passed its high-water mark, and already it begins to ebb back. This must mean the turn of the tide, not merely of the campaign in the East, but of the whole war. This consummation may, however, be delayed, as it will certainly be greatly influenced by developments elsewhere than in this theatre of war.

Any attempt to estimate the casualties incurred on both sides in this largest and fiercest of modern campaigns can be little more than guesswork. The losses in personnel certainly run into millions, but beyond the probability that they must be well over two, and perhaps not far off three, on both sides, it is impossible to go. Tank, gun, and aircraft losses cannot be estimated even approximately; the Russian losses are still probably in excess of those of the Germans so far as tanks and guns are concerned, but in aircraft those of the latter are now almost certainly the larger. Meanwhile the main fact to be realized and never forgotten about the Russian campaign of 1941 is that from Germany's point of view, despite her repeated and spectacular successes in battle, it has been a failure—for she has involved herself in prolonged hostilities with a larger and stronger power than herself, with whom she can neither negotiate nor force a peace on her own terms, and who is already beginning to pass from the defensive to the counter-offensive.

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The assumption of the offensive by our Eighth Army in Libya took place in mid-November, and led to a hard fought confused battle with an enemy who put up a stout resistance in the unfavourable strategic conditions, brought about by skilful opening moves on our part. He was compelled to fight on a front parallel to his line of communications, and from the first the garrisons of the formidable defensive belt he had created with great labour and ingenuity on the frontier between Egypt and Libya were isolated and cut off from any hope of rescue without a complete Axis victory. The clash between the two contending armoured forces, in which superiority of numbers on our side was to some extent counter-balanced by the more powerful armament of the German heavy tanks, did not take the anticipated form of a great land fleet action, partly because from the first the three enemy armoured divisions were forced apart and compelled to fight separately. One of them, the 21st German Panzer Division, was isolated in the ring of our forces thrown round to the south and west of the area between Tobruk and the frontier, and severely handled before the other two, by a violent attack, managed to break into the circle from the south-west and extricate it. It seems likely that the heavy losses in tanks that reserves suffered were in excess of the number of those they rescued, for many enemy vehicles temporarily out of action and undergoing repair in the battle zone had to be hurriedly abandoned and later fell into our hands after the Axis forces, as they did after this final effort, gave up their attempts to contest our possession of the battlefield, or to rescue their marooned garrisons in the frontier zone. In the scattered rough and tumble fighting over miles of trackless desert, into which the organized battle eventually degenerated, we suffered occasional heavy losses, particularly among the New Zealand and South African contingents; but the hostile losses were certainly as severe and probably more so. In the end the enemy had to relinquish his investment of Tobruk, which had held out so stubbornly for eight months, defying every raid and every assault, and left to us the whole battlefield and the large material trophies of victory strewing it far and wide. Still

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more important was the damage inflicted on the Axis armoured forces, the core of their army, and the principal source of trouble to us throughout; probably barely a half of it survived in serviceable state. Unfortunately, exaggerated forecasts of swift and overwhelming success, apparently justified no doubt by the course of events in the earlier and more regular phases of the battle, led to disappointment when the victory appeared to be less spectacular and complete than had been hoped, and the fighting ceased before the last hostile tank had been put out of action. Yet our success was great and definite, and may well prove decisive of the whole campaign, for though the destruction of the enemy at one blow was not, and probably could never have been achieved, the Axis commanders by fighting out to the bitter end a battle lost from the first, exposed their army to loss and damage from which, deprived as it is of effective aid in men and material from overseas, recovery was unlikely.

The full effect of these first battles was clearly seen when, after a short resistance west of Tobruk and another brief stand at Jedabia, the Axis forces abandoned the whole of Cyrenaica and fell back to the west towards Tripolitania. As we write, that retreat is still in progress, but all the territory captured by us a year ago is once again ours, and with it the valuable ports of Bardia and Benghazi, the possession of which, as soon as they have been cleared and repaired, will considerably ease the strain on our present long lines of supply by land. The large hostile detachment left behind at Sollum has already surrendered; that at Halfaya will have done so before these lines appear in print. The Axis prisoners taken already number close on 30,000, and by the time the full tale is completed, one-third of the original army will probably have been accounted for as casualties. This is a great and important victory for us and its fruits are likely this time to be permanent. We may yet have a severe fight for Tripolitania before us, but it will be even more difficult for the Axis to retrieve its position in this theatre of war in face of the pronounced air and naval superiority

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we now enjoy. This superiority has of course been not merely a considerable, but a vital factor in our recent successes, and the close co-operation between the three Services has been a model of its kind.

Meanwhile the war had now taken a vast extension with the aggression of Japan in the Far East and the spectacular and grave initial results of her sudden attack on ourselves and the United States. In such a case, as the course of the present war has shown over and over again, the assailant is bound to gain certain great and far-reaching advantages, but they are usually short term advantages only. On balance the full adhesion to the anti-Axis alliance of the United States, China and the South American republics is enormously out of proportion to any possible advantage to Germany and Italy from the armed support of Japan, but this disproportion can only make itself felt gradually and in the long run. Only if these huge new adverse forces could be quickly and permanently neutralized or crippled would the risk of provoking them be worth incurring, and of that there is no question or possibility. Japan has faithfully copied Germany's and Italy's technique, and on her, as on them, fortune has temporarily and deceptively smiled. She will share their ultimate fate in due course. So much is certain; it is equally certain that she will cause the Allies much time, money and blood before that downfall can be brought about. Already she has won considerable and startling victories. The loss of Hong Kong after a valiant though brief defence, was inevitable as soon as the Allies lost the power to succour the place by sea. The disaster to the British Far East squadron, which deprived it of its two capital ships at a critical moment, laid open Malaya to invasion. Our forward troops here have been steadily forced back by superior forces on land and in the air, and are gradually retiring on Singapore, which now faces the prospect of a siege. In the Philippines, the American garrison has been compelled to evacuate Manila and is standing at bay in the rugged country to the north of the city. How long its gallant resistance can continue without aid from outside, and what are the possibilities

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of affording it such aid in time and in adequate force, only the future can show. But it is more than possible that the whole of the Philippine group of islands may be temporarily lost to the Allies, as some of the smaller United States island bases in the Pacific have already been. Meanwhile the Japanese have landed other forces in the Dutch East Indies archipelago and in Borneo, and here too, though fighting is still raging, they may be able to register further gains before the full weight of the enormously superior odds against them turns the tide of the Pacific war. At the moment, however, the Chinese theatre, where the Japanese have suffered a signal defeat at Changsha, affords the only bright spot in this vast new area of hostilities. All these, however, are only temporary storms; Japan has helped her Axis partners to put off for the time their day of ultimate reckoning; but so far from averting it, she has made it only the more certain, and has now involved herself irretrievably in the ruin that in the end awaits them. On this note of assurance of ultimate and final victory this series of articles, which from the first has sounded it clearly and constantly, may fittingly close.

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THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT FOR WAR AND SPORT

By Richard Clapham

In the Great War our snipers—armed with accurate rifles and telescopic sights—took heavy toll of the enemy. Since then, during the years of peace, the telescopic sight has come into its own, and has been much used in sport, especially small game shooting.

When sniping from the trenches, your target was usually the head or half the face of a Hun, for it was only at dusk or dawn that you were likely to see the whole of a man. A German face peering over the parapet two or three hundred yards away presented an exceedingly small mark, and in order to hit it, very accurate shooting was required. Besides that, speed was necessary as the head might only show for a brief interval. Within two seconds of spotting a Hun you squeezed the trigger. There was no chance of a sighting shot, for that at once put down the target.

Now to hit so small a mark as a Bosche face at a range of, say, four hundred yards, took some doing with iron sights, but given a sight of telescopic pattern you stood a good chance of killing your man. Why, you may ask? Well, the answer is that using a telescopic sight the object and the sight are in focus, you get better definition, and a certain amount of magnification, say from two-and-a-half to three-and-a-half times. Also, in the half light at dawn and dusk you get clear definition when the open sights alone are useless. The beauty of a telescopic sight lies in the fact that it affords definition. Good definition enables you to see where you are holding. Some people imagine that such a sight magnifies the object and so makes it easy to hit. While a certain amount of magnification is desirable, too much of it only magnifies shake and

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makes it all the more difficult to hold on the target. A high-power scope besides giving a narrow field of view and lower illumination, tends to strain your eye.

I have seen it stated that for big game shooting the telescopic sight should be side-mounted so as to allow of rapid loading from the magazine, and a clear view of the iron sights. The idea seemed to be that if the sight got put out of adjustment by a knock, and the first shot missed, then the iron sights could be used to retrieve the situation. Now if your sight is fitted on the left-hand side of your rifle, you have to allow for the set-off, as it affects your shooting, and it may make you cant your rifle and use your left eye, whereas if a top-fitting sight is used these drawbacks are eliminated. You use a telescopic sight to gain accuracy, and the accuracy of your rifle is soon lost if you practise rapid fire. It seems logical therefore to stick to a telescopic sight or discard it altogether for the open sights when game shooting if you wish to reload quickly from the magazine. One shot accurately placed is worth twenty rapid followers.

The drawbacks to an off-set sight have already been mentioned. Suffice it to say that a telescopic sight should be top-fitting, and mounted as low on the barrel as possible. In such a position it is less likely to receive damage, and it allows the shooter to hold his head in a natural and comfortable position when firing. Care should always be taken to see that the eye relief of a telescopic sight is sufficient, otherwise when using a rifle with heavy recoil, damage may be done to the shooter's face.

A telescopic sight enables a good shot to hit the target more consistently than he would otherwise do, particularly at long range. It does not—as some people fondly imagine—turn a bad shot into a good one. Such a sight is of great use in the open, but there are times when it proves its worth in woodland shooting. You may, for instance, be able to see a beast with your glasses, but fail to refind it through open rifle sights. Here is where the telescopic sight comes in, for it provides the necessary illumination, and at the same time aligns the rifle

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on the target. On occasion the telescopic sight is quite a good substitute for a telescope.

When sniping in war, your object is to kill the enemy, and you don't stop to consider the ethics of sportsmanship. In game shooting, on the other hand, the stalk is the thing, and to a great extent a telescopic sight does away with the necessity for a close approach. In a deer forest, the man who habitually uses a telescopic sight may kill more stags than the other fellow who uses iron sights, but he will miss the interest and excitement of many a close stalk. Using a modern high velocity rifle that shoots practically flat at 250 yards, the judging of distance is eliminated up to that range. Nevertheless, that does not mean that shots should be taken at that range. The entire pleasure of stalking lies in making the closest possible approach and the accuracy of the rifle then means that he can kill his quarry dead. Using an old-fashioned Winchester carbine, I have shot a number of stags at distances varying from twelve to twenty yards. One cannot always get in so close, but there is a great deal of satisfaction to be derived from doing so. When shooting small game and vermin such as rabbits, rats, grey squirrels, etc., a .22 rifle and telescopic sight make a very useful combination.

The disadvantages of a telescopic sight are that it is delicate, and soon loses accuracy. Also when raining or snowing it is of little or no use. The same applies in misty weather, when it magnifies the mist. It adds weight to a rifle, and when used in covert is apt to catch up on obstructions.

A telescopic sight must be zeroed to its own rifle in order to get accurate shooting. Poor definition in such a sight is caused by scratches, grease, oil, dust, water, fogging after sudden changes of temperature, and lenses or screws working loose. The fittings on both rifle and sight should be kept clean. In order that the rifle shall make deadly accurate shooting—a necessity in sniping—never fire more shots than is absolutely necessary.

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A sniper's rifle should be very carefully cleaned, using a rod in preference to a pull-through. About 1,000 accurate rounds is the life of the barrel when a rod is used for cleaning purposes, and 500 rounds with a pull-through.

As previously mentioned, one lets the ethics of sportsmanship go by the board in war, especially total war such as is waged nowadays. A sniper uses a telescopic sight simply because it enables him to see where he is holding, and so kill enemy snipers, or any other humans who offer a target. You give a stag a chance when stalking and shooting with iron sights, but in the case of the enemy your object is to kill him by any means in your power, and here is where the telescopic sight comes in.

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ANIMAL BADGES

By Lieutenant-Colonel Ernest Ryan, T.D.

Regimental badges, including animal ones, are peculiar to the British and the Indian Army, and to the Forces of the Dominions of Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand, having never existed in foreign armies, with very few exceptions.*

In the Imperial German Army the coats-of-arms of the States forming the Empire, were worn by infantryman and gunner on *pickelhaube* and shako, animals figuring being the Prussian Eagle, the Lion, and the Lion and Stag, supporters of the Bavarian and Württemberg Arms, and the Griffin of Baden. The cavalry had a slightly greater variety, the Eagle assuming a number of forms, but regimental distinctions were, in general, made not by badges, but by the still more ancient method of different coloured facings combined with numerals, which sometimes ran in a sequence—scarlet, yellow, light blue and white. The pennons of the lance, a weapon which was carried universally throughout the Kaiser's cavalry, also followed out the same idea, the colours of these being—Prussian regiments, black and white; Bavarian, light blue and white; Saxon, green and white, and so on through the cavalry of the smaller States. Cavalry N.C.O.'s were conspicuous by their heraldic lance flags, the Prussian Eagle being naturally the most prevalent. The White Horse in a prancing position—of which more anon—surmounted by a crown and with the motto *Nunquam Retorsum*, was emblazoned on the colours of the Duke of Brunswick's infantry regiment, while the cavalry

* Notable amongst these were the "skull and crossbones" badge of the two Prussian Life Hussar Regiments, commonly known as the Death's Head Hussars, which was worn on the busby, and cap, and another badge resembling it, similarly worn by the Brunswick Hussars.

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standards of the Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg and Hesse, bore respectively an Ox and Griffin, and a Lion rampant.

Hitler's army has a single National Socialist badge consisting of the German black, white and red cockade within an oak leaf wreath surmounted by the Frederician Spread-Eagle with the Iron Cross and Swastika, the whole affair being in German silver. The cavalry is distinguished by a citron-yellow cap-band.

The badges which marked the different branches of the French Army, included no animals, that of the cavalry being a grenade, the same as for the infantry. The engineer's badge of an antique breastplate and helmet was the most artistic. Mussolini's warriors, unlike Hitler's, have retained their traditional royal badges, the heavy cavaliers or their mechanized successors, wearing the Cross of Savoy, while their light brethren, the Cavallegeri, wear their hunting horn. The nearest to regimental badges displaying animals which I have come across in foreign armies were proficiency badges awarded in the former K.U.K. (Imperial and Royal) Austro-Hungarian Army. In the cavalry this badge was of Saint George and the Dragon, while in the artillery and train it showed a pair of horses in harness.

Far different is the case in even our mechanized army of today, where numerous badges showing animals, real or heraldic, are retained. Some of these are derived from royal or other insignia, others again relate to services or battles, while a number have been adopted from the county arms of the regiment. The simplest method of classifying those regiments whose badge is derived wholly or in part from the animal world, is to group them under the headings of the principal animals which figure in the list. Regiments wearing the Royal Crest are not included in those having the Lion as badge. They are in the cavalry, the 1st Royal Dragoons and 15th/19th King's Royal Hussars.

The Horse

The White Horse of Hanover which is the badge of two regiments each of cavalry and infantry, is derived from German mythology, and was adopted as his emblem by the Elector of

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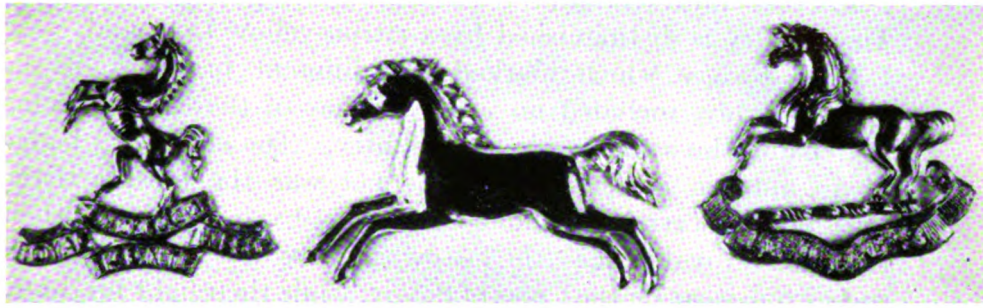
I.—The Horse : Bearskin and Cap Badges



a. Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regt.
Cap : O.R.
(Type of horse also worn by West Kent Yeo., Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles, and 20th London Regt. (Queen's Own).)

b. Royal Scots Greys
Bearskin : O.R.
(Type of horse also worn by 3rd Hussars, 5th Dragoon Guards, Northamptonshire Yeo., West Yorkshire Regt. and Royal Fusiliers.)

c. King's Regt. (Liverpool)
Cap : O.R.
(Type of horse also worn by Liverpool Scottish.)

II.—The Elephant : Arm and Collar Badges

a. Duke of Wellington's Regt. (West Riding)
Collar : Officers.

b. 19th (Q.A.O.R.) Hussars
Arm : Sergeants.

c. Seaforth Highlanders
Collar : O.R.
(or Connaught Rangers.)

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III.—Eagles : Cap Badges. O.R.

a. 1st King's Dragoon Guards
(Eagle resembling worn by Lanarkshire Yeo.)

b. Royal Scots Greys
(A similar eagle worn by 1st Royal Dragoons, Essex Regt. and Royal Irish Fusiliers.)

c. 14th King's Hussars
(Eagle resembling worn by Bedfordshire Yeo.)

IV.—Yeomanry : Cap Badges. O.R.

a. Berks Yeo.

b. Warwickshire Yeo.

c. Fife and Forfar Yeo.

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Hanover. The cavalry regiments bearing it are the Royal Scots Greys and the 3rd Hussars, and it was formerly worn also by the 5th Dragoon Guards, now amalgamated with the Inniskillings as the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.

Illustration Ib shows the silver badge of the White Horse worn by other ranks of the Royal Scots Greys in the back of their bearskin cap. This badge was given to their ancestors the Royal North British Dragoons under a Royal Warrant of 1761, being embroidered on the front of their mitre cap, which, according to tradition, they were given for their capture at Ramillies in 1706 of the colours of the *Grenadiers de Picardie.* The Royal Scots Greys is one of the few existing regiments in the British Army who were originally Horse Grenadiers; but two other cavalry regiments, the Horse Grenadier Guards disbanded in 1788 and the Royal Irish Dragoons who later became the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, had also these mitre caps. The Royal Irish Dragoons also won them at Ramillies.

The running horse of the 3rd Hussars is used both as a cap and collar badge, as well as on the white Field Service helmet. The earlier form of this badge is inscribed " 3rd King's Own Hussars," while the present-day one has the horse much reduced in size and " The " is inserted in the title. Sergeant's arm badge is the horse alone. It is generally believed that this badge was given by George I for their service against the Jacobites in 1715.

Before their amalgamation with the Inniskillings in 1922, the White Horse was on both the cap and collar badges of the 5th Dragoon Guards, with V and D.G. within a circle surmounted by a crown. The circle was inscribed " Vestigia nulla retrorsum " (We never retreat), a variant of the motto on the before-mentioned Brunswick flag. The sergeant's arm badge of a horse alone, was exactly similar to that of the 3rd Hussars. The Castle of Inniskilling has now replaced the White Horse. The latter is also the badge of a Yeomanry regiment, the Northamptonshire, formerly dragoons, but converted into the 25th Armoured Car Company, Royal Tank Corps, on the reduction of the Yeomanry after the last war.

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The two regular infantry regiments having as a badge the White Horse of Hanover, are the West Yorkshire Regiment (The Prince of Wales's Own), and the King's Regiment (Liverpool). The West Yorkshire's horse granted by George III, is in silver on helmet-plate and cap, and is similar to that of the cavalry, but the badge of The King's, which is also worn on the collar, differs in form, being in a prancing position (see illustration Ic). As previously mentioned, this was the form of the Brunswick White Horse. Brunswick was ruled by dukes in medieval times and later, and from them was descended the House of Brunswick-Lüneburg, which ruled over Hanover till 1866. Hence George I of Great Britain and his five successors, are sometimes known as the House of Brunswick. The Liverpool Scottish have the same horse as The King's, to whom they are affiliated. The White Horse also figures on the bearskin grenade of the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment).

Another horse, this time in a rearing posture, is the White Horse of Kent; this is the badge of the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, worn with "Invicta" on helmet-plate and cap (see illustration Ia). The West Kent Yeomanry, who were hussars and the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles, also wore it before their conversion into a gunner brigade. It is also the badge of the 20th London Regiment, now an anti-aircraft unit, which forms part of the Corps of the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment.

The Berks. Yeomanry, who were dragoons and are now gunners, had the peculiar cap badge of what appeared to be an emaciated horse (see illustration IVa). Actually this was a replica of the White Horse cut out of the turf on Uffington Down in the Vale of White Horse, Berkshire, which is nearly 400 feet long. It is supposed to have been made either by early Britons, or by King Alfred to celebrate his victory over the Danes in 871. This type of horse is essentially early British; there are ancient British coins in the British Museum bearing it. Another Yeomanry dragoon regiment, the Fife and Forfar, converted after the last war into the 20th Armoured Car Company, Royal

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Tank Corps, wears a badge of a knight in armour on horseback, representing the Thane of Fife (see illustration IVc).

Amongst Indian cavalry the Scinde Horse have a badge of a native lancer charging. Several Canadian regiments wear or wore horses, including the 19th Alberta Dragoons, 1st and 4th Hussars, and 14th Canadian Light Horse. The latter had a unique badge of a buckjumper in action. Five Australian Light Horse regiments and two of New Zealand Mounted Rifles, adopted the same animal, as also did the Johannesburg Mounted Rifles.

To conclude this list of wearers of a horse badge, one was naturally worn by the different Remount Services of the Empire and by the Vets., whose badge represents Chiron, a centaur, half-man and half-horse.

The Elephant

One cavalry and five infantry regiments of the British Army had or have the elephant incorporated in their badge. They were the 19th Hussars, Seaforth Highlanders, Highland Light Infantry, Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding), Connaught Rangers, and Royal Dublin Fusiliers. The elephant is, with one exception, *gilt*, in contrast to the horse which is always in *silver*.

The 19th Hussars, Seaforth Highlanders, and the Highland Light Infantry won it for service at Assaye.* At this village in Hyderabad, they, under Wellesley, defeated the Marathas led by their chieftain Sindia, on September 23rd, 1803. The 19th were the Light Dragoons.

Illustration IIb is of a sergeant's arm badge of the 19th Hussars. Two types of cap badge were worn; the earlier with the elephant over a double scroll inscribed "19th Alexandra P.W.O. Hussars," and the later, over a single scroll, inscribed "19th P.W.O. Hussars." The Seaforth's elephant is a collar badge worn with another cypher badge on their doublet (see illustration IIc), and is also on their shoulder belt. The Highland

* The Highland Light Infantry and the Seaforth Highlanders enjoy the privilege of carrying a third colour on parade which is emblazoned with an elephant. It is known as the Assaye or Elephant Colour.

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Light Infantry, who had every officer killed or wounded at Assaye, the regiment being brought out of action by the sergeant-major, also incorporates the elephant on their shako, glengarry, shoulder and waist belt, and on the collar badge of doublet and service jacket.

The elephant of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding) is distinctive through its howdah (see illustration Ia). It is used only as a collar badge, the howdah in the case of officers being in silver. The regiment has this badge from its 2nd battalion, formerly the 76th Foot, but popularly known as the Hindoostan Regiment. The collar badge of the Connaught Rangers worn by other ranks was similar to that of the Seaforths, but its officers wore it in silver (the solitary exception to gilt mentioned above), the design being slightly different. Lastly, the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, which was the oldest of the old Indian regiments, wore the elephant in conjunction with the tiger, on its cap and collar grenades.

Two Indian regiments who were also at Assaye displayed the elephant badge, the 1st Punjabis and the 1st Madras Pioneers. It was also worn by three Australian Light Horse regiments and by some West African Volunteer units.

Eagles

Three types of heraldic eagles are worn in the British Army. The French Eagle is displayed by The Royal Dragoons, Royal Scots Greys, Essex Regiment, and Royal Irish Fusiliers (Princess Victoria's), the Austrian double-headed Eagle by the King's Dragoon Guards, and the Prussian Eagle by the 14th/20th Hussars.

"The Royals" and "The Greys" won their Eagle badges in the Charge of the Union Brigade at Waterloo. The Eagle of the 105th Regiment, *l'Infanterie de Ligne* (see illustration at end of article), was captured by Captain Alexander Clark-Kennedy, who later became General Sir Alexander Clark-Kennedy, K.C.B., K.H., of Knockgray. He was granted an honourable augmentation to his Coat of Arms and carries the Eagle and Colours on it, and his Crest is a

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demi-dragoon of The Royal Dragoons holding dexter a sword and sinister an Eagle. The officers of the regiment wear the Eagle on the cap, collar of tunic, mess jacket and the silver pouch. Other ranks wear it on the collar of the service jacket.

The Eagle of the 45th Infantry Regiment was captured by Sergeant Ewart of " The Greys." It is worn by that regiment in silver above the word " Waterloo," but without the numeral, on the white F.S. helmet, cap and collar and in gilt on the officer's pouch (see illustration IIIb).

Two Eagles were captured at Salamanca. The first one, that of the French 62nd Regiment, was taken by Lieutenant Pierce of the 44th Foot (Essex Regiment). This regiment has the honour of bearing the Eagle on their Colours and wear it on the mess jacket. The Second Eagle was captured by Ensign Pratt of the 30th Foot, who was attached for duty to the Portuguese Battalion.

The Royal Irish Fusiliers captured the Eagle of the 8th French Infantry Regiment at Barrosa. Ensign Keogh caught sight of it, and, with Sergeant Masterton and a few privates, made a dash for it. Sergeant Masterton was the sole survivor of this party and managed to retain it. The 87th Foot were granted the Royal Title for this exploit, and the O.C., Major Hugh Gough, was granted an augmentation of his Arms on being raised to the Peerage after the first Sikh war, and carries a crest with an arm holding the Regimental Colours and the Eagle. This Eagle was known as " The Eagle with the Golden Wreath " as it was the only one captured by us during the Napoleonic Wars with the wreath round the breast. The gold wreath was given by the City of Paris to certain regiments for their action at Jena, Friedland and Austerlitz. All our Eagle badges are designed with the wreath, which is incorrect. There are thirteen Eagles at the Royal Hospital, but this one captured by the 87th Foot was stolen in 1852 and is represented by a reproduction.

Austria's double-headed Eagle, handed down from the Holy Roman Empire and symbolizing the two-fold secular and

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spiritual powers of the old German State and of Rome, became the badge of the 1st King's Dragoon Guards in 1896, when Kaiser Franz Joseph I was appointed their Colonel-in-Chief (see illustration IIIa). During the last war, this badge was abolished in 1915, greatly to the regret of the regiment, but they succeeded in getting it back in 1937, shortly before Hitler's *anschluss* destroyed for the time being the existence of the historic Austrian State. It is used on both cap and collar. The Lanarkshire Yeomanry (Lancers), lately mechanized, also have a double-headed Eagle.

The Prussian Eagle cap badge of the 14th/20th Hussars was formerly worn by the 14th King's Hussars on an oval shield (see illustration IIIc). It commemorates their Colonel-in-Chief, the Duchess of York, who afterwards became Princess Royal of Prussia. This badge was suppressed in 1915, but it was revived in 1931 for the amalgamated regiment, without the shield. The Bedfordshire Yeomanry, converted from Lancers into gunners after the last war, had also an eagle with a castle superimposed. In addition, some Canadian, South African, Australian and New Zealand units displayed an eagle badge.

The Lion and Tiger

Two regiments each of regular and territorial infantry incorporate a lion in their badge—the King's Own Royal (Lancaster) and the Duke of Wellington's (West Yorkshire) in the first category, and in the second the 14th London (London Scottish) and the Herefordshires. In addition one cavalry, yeomanry and infantry regiment formerly showed a lion badge—the 7th Dragoon Guards, Lanarkshire Yeomanry (Queen's Own Royal Glasgow and Lower Ward of Lanarkshire) and the Royal Irish Regiment.

The lion of "The King's Own" is the Lion of England, worn in silver on helmet-plate, cap and collar. This ancient badge was given to them by the Prince of Orange, who became William III, the regiment being the first to join his standard when he landed at Torbay on 5th November, 1688. That of the

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Duke of Wellington's is embodied in the Iron Duke's crest; it is also used as a helmet and cap badge but the collar badge, as we have seen, is the elephant, except on the officers' mess jacket which bears the lion. The London Scottish* have the Lion of Scotland rampant over a St. Andrew Cross, surrounded by a border of thistles, while the Herefordshire Regiment has a lion passant guardant holding in the dexter paw a sword.

The lion of the 7th Dragoon Guards formed part of the crest of their famous commander, Sir John Ligonier, afterwards Field-Marshal Earl Ligonier, being worn on both cap and collar; it was lost on their amalgamation in 1922 with the 4th Dragoon Guards. That of the Queen's Own Royal Glasgow Yeomanry (Dragoons) likewise disappeared when they were converted into gunners. The Royal Irish regiment had the Lion of Nassau given to them by King William III for their assault on the Castle of Namur, in his presence, on 20th August, 1695.

The lion was also worn by the 120th Rajputana Infantry and the 9th Australian Light Horse, as well as by some other Australian, New Zealand and Rhodesian units.

The Royal Tiger is displayed by four infantry regiments—the Leicestershire, Hampshire, York and Lancaster, and Gordon Highlanders, while two others, the Royal Dublin and Royal Munster Fusiliers, formerly wore it. It was granted to all of them for long and distinguished service in India; the 101st (1st Battalion, Royal Munster Fusiliers) was raised by Clive in India in 1756, and came home for the first time in 1868, while the 102nd and 103rd (1st and 2nd Battalion, Royal Dublin Fusiliers) had 223 and 209 years' Indian service respectively. The Leicesters wear it on helmet, cap and collar, the Hampshires on helmet only, and the York and Lancaster on cap and collar only. The Gordon Highlanders have it on the collar of their doublet, and on waist and shoulder belt, while the two Fusilier regiments had it on their cap and collar grenades, the Dublins, as we have already seen, in conjunction with the elephant.

* This regiment is in the Corps of the Gordon Highlanders, but wears its own distinctive badge.

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Deer and Antelopes

A stag's head, the crest of the Earl of Seaforth, is worn by the Seaforth Highlanders on feather bonnet, Glengarry, shoulder belt, and collar of khaki jacket (elephant on collar of doublet), while another head, the crest of the Gordon family, is similarly worn by the Gordon Highlanders, except on the service jacket, which has a Sphinx. A stag's head is also worn by the Lovat Scouts. The stag was also worn by the Herts. Yeomanry on their dragoon helmet, before their conversion into gunners. Line infantry regiments with a stag badge are the Sherwood Foresters (Notts. and Derby Regiment) and the Royal Berkshire (Princess Charlotte of Wales's), who have it on helmet only, and the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment who display it on helmet, cap and collar, as a buck crossing a ford. The Hertfordshire Territorials had an almost similar badge.*

The best known antelope badge is that of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. It was won at the battle of Saragossa, where the "Warwickshire Lads" took thirty standards including one bearing an antelope, which belonged to a Moorish regiment in Spanish pay. Deer and antelope badges are common amongst Canadian† and South African units, those of the latter comprising the springbok, gnu and hartebeest.

Dragons

This heraldic beast appears in the form of the Tudor, Welsh, and Chinese dragon. The first is the badge of the Buffs (East Kent Regiment), which was raised in 1572 and was known as the Holland Regiment, having been in the service of the Dutch from Elizabethan times. It is used as a helmet, cap and collar badge. The second is on the helmet-plate of the South Wales Borderers, and on the collar grenade of the Royal Welch Fusiliers. The last belongs to the Royal Berkshire Regiment

* The Huntingdonshire Territorial Battalion of the Northamptonshire Regiment wear a different badge from that regiment, namely a stag, instead of the Northamptonshires' Castle and Key of Gibraltar.

† To note especially, the antelope badge of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

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(Princess Charlotte of Wales's), having been received for service in China; it is on both cap and collar. The Welsh dragon is also worn by the Monmouthshire Regiment, Territorial Army, which forms part of the Corps of the South Wales Borderers; its first battalion is now a searchlight unit.

A dragon also appears as the badge of a Punjabi regiment, and of the Wentworth Regiment of Canada.

Other Animals

It would be tedious to attempt even an enumeration of all the other regiments with animal badges, which are exceedingly numerous in the Forces of the Dominions, especially those of Canada. Amongst the most interesting worn in the British Army is the boar's head and cat badge of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (Princess Louise's), which is on their feather bonnet, glengarry and collar, as well as on their brooch ornament. When these two famous Highland regiments, the old 91st (Argyllshire Highlanders), and the 93rd (Sutherland Highlanders) were united in 1881, the boar's head crest of the Campbells, Duke of Argyll, was merged with the wild cat crest of the Sutherland family. The wild cat is also the badge of the 4th/5th Territorial battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders of which the Duke of Sutherland is honorary colonel.

Celebrated also is the Paschal Lamb, the crest of the House of Braganza, borne by the Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surrey) on their helmet-plate, cap and collar. This regiment, the oldest English infantry unit, was raised in 1661 to garrison Tangier, which had been received by Charles II as dowry on his marriage to Catherine of Braganza, and it has always borne her crest.*

The Bear and Ragged Staff of the Warwickshire Yeomanry (Hussars) (see illustration IVb) has also an interesting history. It is derived from the crest of Warwick the King-maker; Shakespeare refers to it as "Old Neville's Crest." The East Riding of Yorkshire Yeomanry (Lancers) who are now the 26th

* The 22nd and 24th Battalions of the London Regiment which are affiliated to "The Queen's," have the same badge.

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Armoured Car Company, Royal Tank Corps, have the appropriate badge of a fox.*

As is natural, several Canadian units wear such animals as the buffalo, wolf, moose, bear and beaver, and there are Australian wearers of a kangaroo, emu, black swan and polar bear badge. New Zealand units favour the ram, kiwi, cassowary, falcon and eagle hawk, while Tasmanians display their devil. Unique are the badges of a bulldog (Manitoba Mounted Rifles), lynx (88th Canadian Fusiliers), peacock (20th Burma Rifles), rhinoceros (Johore Volunteers), and leopard (West African Regiment).

Lastly, if reptiles can be counted as animals, there is the serpent of the Royal Army Medical Corps, which has the special distinction of being the badge of the medical service in all armies.

The writer wishes to acknowledge the great assistance given by two experts on badges, Captain P. Durand, F.S.A. (Scot.), and Captain R. D. M. Cleaver, Hon. Secretary, The Military Collectors' Club.

* The Bucks Territorial Battalion of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry has a pelican embodied in its badge instead of the latter regiment's bugle, and a pelican was also on the badge of the Royal Bucks Hussars Yeomanry, who were amalgamated after the last war with the Berks Yeomanry as the 99th Field Brigade R.A.

Reproduction of the Eagle of the 105th French Infantry Regiment, which is the original type of Eagle upon which all present-day Eagle Badges should be modelled.

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EXPERIENCES AS A PRISONER OF WAR, JUNE 15th TO AUGUST 30th, 1941

IMMEDIATELY after I was captured I was taken to an officer seated at a table in the middle of the town of Quneitra. Here my equipment was confiscated and my pockets searched, but not very thoroughly. After I was wounded, I had torn up all incriminating documents, of which I found I had quite a number. On the whole I think I preserved my incognito throughout my time as a prisoner, though many intentional and unintentional attempts were made to find out my regiment.

After this mild search I was taken to a first aid post and passed fit to go to hospital without further dressing. I was then taken into the mess that the French officers had established in a house in the town and given a very welcome meal. It was a great blessing throughout the next few weeks that I could make myself understood in French. The officers of this French tank regiment, and the few of a Circassian Cavalry regiment were quite charming and absolutely first-class fellows as soldiers and as men. I had thought the French Army was a decadent institution. These Vichy French proved to me that that was quite untrue, for these men were virile and good by any standards. I was received with great courtesy. Their Colonel, whose name was Leconteux, had not shaved for several days—shaving seems to be considered unimportant in the French Army—but he was a fine fellow. They wanted to know whether we had been about to attack Saa Saa the night before—only from mere curiosity, not to get information out of me. We agreed that it was a miserable fratricidal sort of war, between ex-allies and ought never to have been necessary. Two other things I remember also; their Colonel told me to eat as much as I could because the further I went back from the front line the worse I would be treated; he knew, he said, because he had been a

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prisoner in the last war. The other thing was when I was moved to drink his health in beer. I said " A votre sante mon Colonel," and this seemed to strike him oddly, and he muttered to the others with him, " Autrefois on disait." I am sure that the rest of his unfinished sentence was " A l'entente cordiale." This was the first of many indications that the French are our allies still in spirit and that the entente, though dormant, is very deeply rooted in the heart of the nicer type of Frenchman, in spite of the bitterness against us that one sees in their papers. All the time I was with the French, people kept coming up to me and saying, " Avez vous vus un seule Boche en Syrie ? " They thought the only reason we had invaded was because we thought the country was full of Germans. I had to explain our real reasons and could usually convince French O.Rs., but their officers were usually harder to convince. I had to undertake this argument so many times that I became very tired of it, but I always felt it was important to tell them the truth. I set out to disseminate as much anti-Axis and pro-entente propaganda as I could and there was a fertile ground for it. I had no trouble over the anti-Axis stuff, as the French hatred of all things German seems to be one of the few constant factors in European affairs.

I could count easily on the fingers of one hand the number of Frenchmen I met who were bitter and anti-English. These few were really unpleasant and had a vanquished and catty mentality. They wanted Germany and England to wear themselves out while France recuperated so as to be able to recover her former hegemony. They said that the entente had done nothing but harm to France, that France had always been a junior partner, forced to follow every turn of our policy, that this war against Germany was quite unnecessary and France hadn't wanted it ; and that if we won the war it would be merely the victory of the Communists and Freemasons in France, and they would be forced to have Daladier and Blum again. French papers are full of this kind of nonsense, but most Frenchmen got no further than an indignant sorrow in their feelings towards us. They were damned if they were going to have their country

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invaded by anyone in this brusque fashion, even by their former allies. And Petain, to whom they were very loyal, had told them to fight, so they fought very gallantly, and I think honourably.

After the meal I was taken to an A.D.S. at Saa Saa, where about 100 wounded were lying in rows under the olive trees. It was night now, and the wounded got very cold. There was one French doctor who was doing splendidly, treating our wounded and theirs quite impartially, calling them all his "enfants." I did what I could as interpreter for our wounded. Eventually ambulances arrived, and we loaded the wounded on board. I travelled in the leading one, with the body of a French captain at my feet, a not very brave Frenchman with a broken thigh in the top bunk, and beneath him a young British soldier with a bullet in his head, quite unconscious, but struggling to get out. It was a nightmare drive; when we got to the outer defences of Damascus, they fired a machine gun over our heads; this was too much for our Indo-Chinese driver, who immediately laid down on the floor, and the ambulance sailed into a ditch. We got to Damascus Hospital at last. Two of the wounded were dead when we got there.

This hospital was under-staffed, and so no washing was done. It was soon covered in gore, and the wards stank with the appalling smell of wounds gone bad. I did a good deal of interpreting and liaising for our wounded, who could not get their simple needs satisfied. But first of all I was glad to have a long sleep as I'd had practically none for three days; and I was also glad to get my clothes off. Though it was 24 hours after I was wounded, my cardigan was still wet with blood.

This hospital was a gruesome place and an unpleasant memory, but I do remember one oldish sister who worked from dawn to dusk for us. The other sisters were Syrians, Greeks and a few French. I was there for about a week. One day the French evacuated the city because the Indians had reached Mezze', but they returned a few hours later. One day before we finally captured it, all the less badly wounded were moved out by train. I thought of escaping, but had had a temperature

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of 104 degrees the day before, so did not feel fit enough. The train journey was long and we were thankful to get to our next hospital—a converted hotel at Suq el Garb, on the hills above Beirut.

I was a fortnight in this hospital. The doctors here did well by our wounded, operating on them before they operated on the French wounded. I was able to walk about, and was joined by a certain Major Middleton-Stuart, the Brigade Major of one of the Indian Brigades. We discussed escape but decided to wait until the Australians were nearer Beirut. We could hear the guns in the distance. It was here that one first became aware of guards. They were mostly Madagascans, who are the nearest thing to an ourang-outang I've seen among men, and are without intelligence. The food was very good there, and throughout the hospital period we ate exactly the same as the French officers. One was not made to feel one was among enemies. The French officers were very nice to us, and once when we were walking in the grounds one of them spoke to a guard who was following us rather closely and made him keep a more discreet distance—a kindly thought that was much appreciated. The Red Cross, in the shape of a French lady, came to see us one day and brought us three packs of cards, without which we should have surely gone mad later on.

On about June 28th, we were all moved out of the hospital at Suq el Garb; the majority were taken to Beirut Hospital, but Major Middleton-Stuart and myself, being now no longer hospital cases, were taken to a barracks that was acting as a transit camp for prisoners of war. Here we were thrust into a basement room with barred windows too high to look out of, and the door was locked and barred behind us. We were in this hole for three days, under the care of a French R.S.M., who was one of the few unpleasant types we met. He showed a fiendish satisfaction in locking us up and treating us as if we were criminals. We had to bang on the door if we wanted to get out for any reason, and usually had to bang for several minutes before he came along. We were allowed to walk round the barrack square for an hour a day, for exercise.

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While we were there we were interrogated by an intelligence officer. When I would not give the name of my regiment he did not press his questions. Two other officers who had joined us—one a Lieut.-Colonel of a Light A.A. regiment—took the opportunity to do some intensive propaganda in favour of an Armistice, and this had some success as this colonel had two interviews subsequently with General Dentz, who was obviously fishing for an Armistice. When we left Beirut next day, the colonel stayed behind to continue the discussions. This was excellent news for us, and we felt confident that the Syrian War would be over shortly and we would be back with our regiments in about three weeks time.

One night while we were there, Beirut was raided by the R.A.F. In our underground room we felt very safe, though there was a tremendous noise of guns and bombs going on. The planes came in very high then dived; we could hear them zooming down till they were quite low, and could tell they were Blenheims from their noise. The moral effect was considerable, but it would be interesting to know if the bombing of Beirut had any military effect on the campaign.

We left Beirut by train for the prison camp at Idlib. We were escorted by three gendarmes. Numerous opportunities of escape presented themselves, but we did not take them as we thought the war would be over in a few days. Afterwards we cursed ourselves for not making an attempt. We left the train at Aleppo and were taken to Idlib by bus. Here we met all the Fusilier officers again, and many others. The camp was quite well run and comfortable, but there was a miserable small space for exercise, and we found most of the prisoners there very lethargic, spending most of the day on their beds. The Commandant was most unpopular as he was a stickler for the letter of the law—he had been howled down once by a crowd of disgruntled officers. His Adjutant was one of the best type of Frenchmen, and a friend to us; he would do anything for us bar let us out. But he could not manage the Commandant. However, in spite of this, Idlib was by far the most comfortable prison camp I was in.

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That night, a party of about twenty to thirty officers was taken off mysteriously by bus for an unknown destination. Great was the speculation about it among the others. The next night all the rest of us—fourteen in all—left in a similar manner. We drove to Aleppo, and then on past it. Those who favoured the idea that we were going to be flown to France now got the upper hand. In due course we reached Aleppo Aerodrome; a French Air Force officer came and talked to us; he had been with the R.A.F. in France, so was very much on our side. The bus drove out on to the tarmac and pulled up beside a large transport aeroplane of ancient vintage. Here we were invited by this officer to descend one by one and " be easy with ourselves," to use his happy phrase, and then climb into the aeroplane. This we did, and the machine then started up, rumbled along the flare path and took off.

I was at first a trifle perturbed to see flames shooting out of the exhaust, and the exhaust pipes themselves glowing bright red in the darkness, but being ignorant of aero engines I thought it must be all right. We flew on through the night. Just after dawn one engine coughed several times, and then stopped altogether. We now saw a long, barren, mountainous island below us, and the plane circled and landed on an improvised landing ground. A Fleet Air Arm officer with us recognised it as the Italian island of Scarpanto in the Dodecanese, just north-east of Crete. We were destined to spend nearly a month on this island, and it was a month that ranks as easily the most unpleasant month in my life.

We were pleased to see on the landing ground about a dozen German aircraft of all types damaged and abandoned, the results of the battle of Crete and of bombing raids on the island. There was no flying going on from there at the time, and there were no Germans there either. It had been a hive of industry during the Crete show, as several squadrons of Stukas and Messerschmitts had used it, and the survivors of the destroyer " Hereward " had been landed there, but it was now all quiet again.

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The crew of our plane rolled their cigarettes, stuck them in the corners of their mouths and set to work on the offending engine. It was clear to the most ignorant onlooker that the maintenance of this engine had been grossly neglected. The French seem to be against the maintenance of mechanical vehicles. After much shaking of heads, the motor was declared to be "foutu." We prepared ourselves for a short delay on this island till the French could send over another plane. For days we listened for the sound of aero engines, and the noise of a passing Savoia would bring us out to look; but the expected French plane never arrived. Presumably the Italians did not want any more French planes landing on the fortified island, and possibly they hoped to take us out of the French bag and pop us into their own. Though the latter is doubtful, as we were to have landed at the Italian occupied cities of Athens and Salonica. Prisoners of war spend most of their time in idle talk and speculation; we had plenty of material for this. We could find out nothing about our future, and questions resulted in nothing but snubs. This uncertainty about the future was, I think, the worst of our troubles in Scarpanto. The alternatives were terribly different—either repatriation in a week or so, or imprisonment till the end of the war—perhaps three or four years—in an Italian prison camp.

The French crew and the three gendarmes who were our escort were almost as close prisoners as we were. They were soon as eager to get away from Scarpanto as ourselves, but would not bestir themselves to try and put an end to the delay. We were put into a rude stone hut near the landing ground; there were hammocks of sacking in it, a plain table and benches. This was our home for about a fortnight. On the second day the Italians brought along rolls of barbed wire and wired us in. They made an enclosure about the size of half a tennis court, for exercise. After three or four days, as a result of our continual requests, they dug a latrine in one corner of this enclosure. The Italians have no idea of sanitary arrangements, and must have high casualties from dysentery if they take no more care of their own latrines than they did of ours.

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We were now under Italian guards. Their clothes and appearance were a constant source of amazement. The first sentry we had was clad in an old patched tunic, mauve cotton shorts, no socks, and boots that an English tramp would long ago have discarded. His bayonet was brown with rust all over, and his equipment had never had a touch of polish or dressing. On his head was a tattered side hat, and on his face a vacuous and cow-like expression. This was a typical example, only slightly worse than average, of the Italian soldiery we got to know so well. I would also like to record the sentry who was guarding us one evening in the following manner: he was comfortably seated in a position of rest on a rock, with a water bottle filled with wine in his lap, singing happily to himself, with his rifle propped up on the barbed wire about five yards away. In these circumstances, one developed a contempt beyond my powers of description for the Italian Army and all its works. And the more contemptible were the soldiers who watched over one, the more deeply humiliating one found it. One sight of these sub-men leering at one over the barbed wire was enough to turn a man's stomach.

We ate rather worse than the Italian soldier, and that meant very badly for an Englishman. For breakfast we had a cup of coffee, except when they forgot to bring it. At 11.30 and at 18.30 we had two " big " meals, consisting of macaroni or rice cooked in salt water, followed sometimes by a small portion of bully beef. Macaroni could be of several bores, of which Mark I (·22) and Mark IV (·5) were the commonest. The mainstay of the diet was a small loaf of bread, which one made to last 24 hours. We were always hungry and I never thought that I should ever eat dry bread continually and with relish. The diet was enough to live on, but not enough to keep up one's energy, and one became very lethargic. But it was a point of honour with us to shave every day and clean our shoes if we had any polish, so as not to become slack and lose morale.

While describing our troubles, I must mention the fleas, which made life one long itch. I have never seen so many. The island crawled with them. I used to take off my clothes three times a

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day and de-flea them. I always found three or four, and my best catch was eight. One used to see some people glaring steadily at their bare legs, and catching the fleas as they jumped up. I was soon bitten all over to such an extent that they gave me an injection, which did have much effect. Their medical orderlies were very competent, and came down regularly to dress our wounds. They had excellent medical supplies.

The military commander of the island came down several times to see us. He was a major of the 9th Regiment of Infantry (Fanterie), whose H.Q. is at Rhodes. He was a tall plump man of the pseudo-Mussolini type. He talked more and to less effect than anybody I've ever met. We used to put our simple requests to him through a long line of interpreters. Our senior officer—Major Middleton-Stuart—spoke to me in English, I translated into French to one of the gendarmes who translated into Spanish to one of the Italians, who told the military commander in Italian. The latter then usually went off into a long tirade with much arm waving, and the answer to the question was usually evaded. Finally he would bow, and salute, and scrape, and take himself off in his appalling car—the only private car on the island.

Our more immediate liaison officer was an oldish Italian captain called Sar, of a very nice civilian type. He became quite a friend later on, and is one of the few Italians I would not like to shoot. He moved us about a mile to another stone house, where we spent the remaining days of our stay on the island, and where we were better off than in the first building, mainly because there were no fleas. We also received a ration of wine here, which was a great boon. The enclosure was slightly larger. We used to take exercise by walking round and round it for 45 minutes every evening—a boring proceeding, resembling the behaviour of tigers at the Zoo, for whose feelings I now have a lively appreciation and sympathy. The only snag about the new place was the sanitary arrangements, which were even worse than before. Three of us contracted dysentery.

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We had a small French-speaking Italian as orderly. He was a cheerful little beggar, and probably a fairly typical Italian soldier, which gives some significance to his answer when we asked him if he didn't find it dull on Scarpanto; he said he did, but by being here he avoided having to do any fighting.

As time went by, our hopes of continuing to be French prisoners fell. One day our escorting gendarmes were taken away by plane; our speculating committees placed a gloomy interpretation on this. We began to think of escaping. It would be easy to get out of the enclosure, but very hard after that. We made great plans to take over the aeroplane we would be taken away in by a mid-air *coup d'état*. It seemed a very workable proposition. But eventually we were taken away by boat, so the scheme did not come off.

We were taken off by lorry to the island's port, where we boarded the little 500-ton steamer "Fiume" which supplies these Dodecanese Islands from Rhodes. A good many Italian officers and men were on her, and some of the officers came to talk to us and were quite good fellows. After a nine-hour journey we reached the town of Rhodes. Here there were a few German seaplanes, but otherwise nothing of importance. We were taken off in a lorry to a barracks and put into a barrack room with fine beds and sheets. We were very pleased at this, but the elation did not last long. An Italian colonel came to see us, and told us that we were now Italian prisoners. This dashed our hopes, and we knew we would be prisoners till the end of the war, unless we could escape, and we had to make the best of it.

We were ten days on Rhodes. On the whole they were not unpleasant. We were well fed and had a few books. On Scarpanto we had five books and three packs of cards only, so had been terribly bored and had spent most of our time playing bridge. On Rhodes we were given a young and over-conscientious Sottotenente (2nd Lieut.) as liaison officer. He paid us the same pay as the equivalent Italian rank. My income was 1,035 lire a month—about £7. About half of this was deducted for messing. We ate the same food as their officers. By

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British standards, there was not much of it, but it was well cooked. We even had the aristocratic spagetti sometimes instead of the vulgar macaroni.

There were two badly planned attempts at escape by junior Fusilier officers while we were there. They were both failures.

The only result of these attempts was to tighten up the guarding arrangements, which became very irksome. Our room had two doors and two sentries were put at each. When one went to have a shave, a moon-faced sentry came with one and stood at one's elbow to see one didn't jump out of the window. This was very annoying. At night, the light was left on, and every hour the sentries clamped up and down the room changing over. This noise, assisted by swarms of mosquitoes and an unpleasant stuffiness, made sleep difficult and many officers used to sit up playing patience till about 1 a.m. Once or twice a day we were allowed out into a War Memorial garden to walk about. The idle population of the barracks used to come and lean over the wall and watch the animals at their exercise. Fortunately a meal took place about that time and they went off to queue up for it. It was issued in the open, not in a mess-room, and they sat about on the ground or on walls eating their macaroni out of mess tins.

We made attempts to use our money to buy fruit and wine, but after the escapes our Sottotenente was in such a frenzy that he would not speak to us. He was always in a state of extreme agitation, but these escapes brought him to the verge of idiocy. We once heard him exhorting his N.C.Os. in a voice which rose to a shrill scream. Like all Italian officers, he would never take responsibility himself; the simplest request had to be referred to the highest available authority.

We were glad to leave this island. We sailed on a 7,000-ton ship called the "Italia," with one other ship, and an escort of one destroyer and from one to three aeroplanes. As sailors, the Italians betrayed an extreme respect for the British Navy, never venturing out into the open sea, but hugging coastlines all the time.

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We were extremely well treated on board the "Italia." We had first-class cabins, a lounge and a space on deck; the food was excellent and we experienced again the luxury of afternoon tea, coffee and jam for breakfast, and a white tablecloth neatly laid. The steward treated us as if we had been English travellers in peace time, and the guarding was discreet and untroublesome. There were a good many Italian officers and men on board, and more got on at each port of call; they were mostly going on leave to Italy. The dress of the officers on board was peculiar and diverse. The O.C. Troops, who aped Mussolini with more success than any other Italian we met, used to affect a bathing dress for his leisurely constitutional waddle in the mornings. The oddest case we saw was an officer wearing white vest and pants, black jack boots and one spur. Other varieties of dress were tunic and bathing trunks, breeches and boots and pyjama coat, or simply pyjamas and dressing gown. We sailed from Rhodes at dusk one evening.

Next day we nosed through the Ægean Islands and in the late afternoon rounded Cape Sunium and put in at Piræus. The docks were a shambles, all the buildings on the quayside being gutted. Nevertheless, there were many ships there, among which we noticed a Portuguese and a Jugoslavian. All the small Greek boats had Nazi flags on them, but we did not discover whether this was due to a German order or not. The Nazis were evidently standing no nonsense from the Greeks, as a notice on the quayside said "Anyone found smoking here after dark will be shot immediately." There were also several notices in English and other traces of our recent occupation, such as a number of Ford and Morris lorries being driven about by Germans. This was the only place where we saw any Germans.

The following afternoon we sailed again, but went no further than the mouth of the Corinth Canal, where we anchored for the night. Next morning we passed through the canal. It was so narrow that we bumped the side several times on the way through. The Italians were evidently in occupation of this part of Greece. We saw more signs of the fighting there, such as a number of fresh graves, probably of parachutists, on the tow-

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path, the wreckage of a Hurricane and a Dornier inextricably entangled, and the remains of a Morris truck that had been driven over the precip tous side of the canal cutting. After the slow passage through, we sailed down the Gulf of Corinth and put in for the night at Patros. There was a surprising amount of Axis shipping in this small harbour. The following day we sailed down the gulf and at night slipped across the Straits of Otranto. From here we sailed up the Italian coast to Brindisi, which was our destination.

We were taken off the ship in a lighter, put on to a lorry and taken to a barracks where we were all made to have a shower in a large wooden bath house. The Italians kept peering in, presumably to see what the Inglese looked like in the nude. After the bath we were taken about twelve miles out to a big transit prison camp at a village called Tuturanno. Ten thousand Greeks had been here shortly before and the place was dirty. There was a very large force of guards, all reservists; their officers were quite a pleasant type, most of them having fought on our side in the last war. We left the following evening with a small escort and boarded a train at Brindisi. This took us all the way up the East coast. We had good 2nd class seats, and were very fortunate, as many Italians, including army officers, had to stand in the corridor. As we had a seat to spare, we invited one Air Force officer into our compartment. We argued about the war, but they were intractable. Like all Italians at that time, they thought that Germany was irresistible and that they had backed the winning side.

We bought a paper at one station, and read that General Dentz had been interned in Palestine. This gave us great satisfaction, but as we were now firmly Italian prisoners, I did not see how it could affect our future.

Eventually we got out at a small station called Castel Sangiovanni, where we were the objects of great curiosity to the inhabitants. We then travelled with Italian civilians in a public bus to a little village called Pianello. These civilians were not at all hostile, but rather seemed delighted to see us. From the village we walked for an hour up to the top of a hill, on which

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was the castle of Montalbo, our permanent prison camp. It was in a delightful situation; the country around was hilly, wine-growing and agricultural land, probably being the northern foothills of the Apennines. The castle was over 1,000 feet above sea level. From the upper windows you could look right across the huge expanse of the plain of Lombardy, and in clear weather could see the snow-clad peaks of the Alps. Milan was about forty miles away, but we could not see it.

The castle had belonged to a cardinal, and parts of it were very old. The ground floor rooms were gloomy, but the dormitories upstairs large and pleasant. We had good beds, and the food, eked out by what we could buy at an excellent and well-stocked canteen, was sufficient. We were able to buy chocolate, cheese, biscuits, soap, condensed milk, clothing, and many other things, and at that time (mid-August) Italy was evidently not running short of essentials, though everything was very expensive. The only trouble at this camp was the mediæval nature of the sanitary arrangements; there were only two water taps for the seventy odd inhabitants, so the morning shave was in itself a war.

We now began to try to make ourselves as comfortable as possible and generally got the place organised for a prolonged residence. I wrote home for books, warm clothes and other necessities. We elected committees for games, house management, etc. I was made librarian and busied myself with my embryo library of ten books and with plans for getting more from the Red Cross and the American Embassy. It was well to keep one's mind occupied, as the future was a gloomy prospect.

The best thing about Montalbo were the walks we were allowed to go, accompanied by a young sergeant-major who spoke English and did all he could for us, with a few sentries and perspiring red-faced Carabiniers. We used to meet a lot of the country people on these walks, and they were delighted to see us, and treated us as if we had been English tourists in peace-time. The war did not seem to have touched them deeply, and in their natural good-heartedness they did not seem to realise we were at war with them. Thus one farmer's wife talked

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with us for a long time and gave us a big helping of apples; another showed us how spaghetti was made, and a third allowed her children to show us how to play a form of bowls.

The only compulsory parade we had at Montalbo was the evening roll-call, attended by the Commandant, a lieut.-colonel of sour aspect (but a reasonable man whom we respected), a captain of the same type, and an American-speaking Sottotenante, whose priggish behaviour often goaded us to the contemplation of violence. The senior British officer counted us, called us up and reported to the Commandant, being careful to salute as he did so. They were most punctilious about saluting, and made us reciprocate; their captain always saluted Major Middleton-Stuart most respectfully, and in turn was pleased if when he came into the room the subalterns bowed to him. This mutual courtesy is, I think, very right and proper in a prisoner of war camp.

On the whole, we were always treated very correctly by the Italian officers. The older ones always showed us great courtesy, and were undoubtedly gentlemen in behaviour. There are four types of Italian officers: First, the young, bloated, overfed type; these were unpleasant and lacking in masculinity. Secondly, there are the pseudo-Mussolinis, who strut and waddle in an insufferably pompous way. Thirdly, there are kindly old men of civilian type like Captain Sar of Scarpanto. The last and most formidable type is that to which the Commandant and Captain at Montalbo belonged. They were lean men with dour, lined faces; they suggested either ascetic cardinals of the Roman Church, or unscrupulous statesmen of the Machiavelli type. But none of these types seemed to me to be natural soldiers. The rank and file I have described earlier; they were mostly of the country bumpkin type—a species of low mentality, entirely unfitted for war.

After we had been at Montalbo for ten days, we were told to pack our things as we were leaving in three hours' time. Our feelings were indescribable. I dared not think that we were going to be released and free again. But what else could it be? We were not long in doubt, as there was an urgency

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about our travels which we had never known before. We said goodbye to the Commandant, took train at Castel Sangiovanni, and in a special reserved coach, were rushed out of Italy into France. We passed through Genoa at night so could not see what damage the Fleet had done there. Next morning we arrived at Mentone, which is now the frontier town. Here there was an assembly of about twenty high Italian officers, each with a cap that tried to be more tall and yellow-covered than the others. Among them was one French officer, soberly dressed, but we realized at once that this was the first natural soldier we had met since we fell into Italian hands. We got on with him as if we were still allies, and agreed thoroughly in despising the Italians. "The taller one's hat," he said, "the better soldier one is." Here our belongings that had been confiscated at Scarpanto were returned to us. I received back 200 Palestine mils and my telescope. I later discovered that the telescope, which had been damaged before I was captured, had been repaired and cleaned by the Italians, an amazing fact. Their behaviour in this respect shows a very high standard of honour. I think that the way a nation treats its prisoners of war is most important, and is a test of how civilized it is. I admire the Italians in this way, and it is only as soldiers that I despise them.

We then crossed the frontier into France, and drove all day in a bus, through all the Riviera towns to Toulon. A launch was waiting for us on the quay, and a 14,000-ton steamer, the "Colombie," was all ready to sail. Our embarkation was watched by members of the Italian and German Armistice Commissions. Five minutes after we got on board, the ship sailed. We passed long lines of French warships lying idle, and so out into the open sea.

There were no other passengers on board, except our guard of one officer and four O.Rs. of the Chasseurs Alpins. This guarding was merely nominal, and to all intents we were free already. We heard a lot of most encouraging news about pro-British feeling in France, particularly in the Occupied zone. For instance, I asked our steward whether they ever listened

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to the London radio, and he replied with great emphasis, "En France Occupee, on n'ecoute *que* Londres . . . QUE Londres!" On the other hand, the food shortage hits them very hard; perhaps this merely stimulates their thoughts of revenge.

There were two other ships with us in convoy. All were going to pick up Vichy troops for repatriation. As we were neutral, we sailed with all lights on. In the Straits of Messina we had to keep in our cabins, but the portholes were not shut and we were able to see an Italian cruiser which had been torpedoed by a British submarine, and was down by the stern. When we were off Crete, a Junkers 88 flew over and inspected us, but did not attack. Next morning we passed Cyprus, and the day after landed at Beirut. We were received by the President of the Armistice Commission and other senior officers, and after a short speech of welcome, were taken off to the Normandie Hotel, where, after our first proper breakfast for three months, we sat down with a number of Intelligence officers and told them all we could think of. Next day, the Army having paid our hotel bill, we departed on leave for Cairo. At first it was hard to realize we were free, and that the sentry with a fixed bayonet was no longer walking behind us, but in a surprisingly short time the freedom and the luxuries of ordinary life ceased to seem miraculous blessings, and our three months' Mediterranean cruise and conducted tours round enemy countries began to have the quality of some impossible dream.

Owing to security reasons the name and regiment of the Author cannot be disclosed.

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

THE following are some of the items of interest to the general reader in recent issues of home and Dominion military periodicals :—

"*Fighting Forces*," *December*, 1941.

"The Battle for Moscow," by General Rowan Robinson. A summary of the fighting on the central sector of the Russian front between 1st October and 15th November, 1941.

"New Light on Dunkirk." An anonymous review of Lord Gort's recently published despatches.

"Evolution of German Infantry Tactics," by Captain Young (from Frederick the Great's day to the present).

"*Royal Artillery Journal*," *October*, 1941.

"Immobility through Capture," by General Rowan Robinson. A plan for the systematic organisation and utilisation of material captured from the enemy on a battlefield for our own immediate use in pursuit.

"Reflections and Recollections "— the last of an anonymous series of reminiscences of a former C.R.A., dealing with the Chanek crisis of 1922–23.

"Army and Air Co-operation," by Lieut.-Colonel Dimmock. Suggests the provision of new machines specially designed for this task.

"*Royal Engineers Journal*," *December*, 1941.

"The Story of the B.E.F.," by Lieut.-Colonel Shortt. Personal experiences of a divisional staff officer in the Dunkirk campaign.

"A Reply to Barrier Tactics," by Captain Barron. A discussion on engineer work in anti-tank defence.

"The Oil Situation in Russia."

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" *Royal Air Force Quarterly*," *September*, 1941.

" R.A.F. Operations in the Sudan, 1940," by Group Captain Porter.

" *Journal of the United Service Institution of India*," *July*, 1941.

" A Brigade at Dunkirk and After," by Brigadier Smyth the only Indian Army brigadier serving in the campaign.

" Wheels Over Eritrea," by Lieut.-Colonel Webb. A personal record of the conquest of the northern province of Italian East Africa.

" Old Army Recruiting Posters," by Mr. Paine. A piece of " escapism " as light relief, but not too light, from more serious matters.

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BOOK REVIEWS

"A History of the Uniforms of the British Army," Vol. II. By Cecil C. P. Lawson. (Peter Davies. Price 17s. 6d.)

In this volume Mr. Lawson, whose first volume on British Army uniforms was universally hailed as the standard work on a highly specialized subject, carries his story from 1715 to 1760, thus covering the period of Marlborough's wars, the Austrian Succession, and the Seven Years' Wars. A glance at the illustrations with which the book is so lavishly equipped shows the delightful archaism of the age; one wonders how men so attired could have moved, let alone fought and worked. But it must be remembered that campaigns were then carried on mainly in the summer and over areas recognized as suitable battlegrounds, and that when it came to warfare in colonial territories or other lands where good open fields were not to be found, the practical good sense of the soldier was fully equal to devising and adopting a suitable kit for this special purpose. The development of the light infantry garb which resulted is dealt with by Mr. Lawson, as is the uniform of the Highland corps, also raised and used for work of much the same sort.

Not only does the present volume, in which a far greater mass of material had to be handled than in the first, deal with the personal dress of officers and soldiers, but such allied subjects are covered as the housings and saddlery of the Cavalry, the colours of the units, the institution of the royal hospitals, and details of ceremonial and saluting. And Mr. Lawson does not confine his attentions to the British Regular Army; auxiliary corps such as the Honourable Artillery Company, the Volunteers and the Militia (including those of Jersey and Ireland), as well as the Marines, come within his purview. His work is not indeed restricted even to British service, for he also includes chapters on the Scots and Irish regiments in the service of France and on the Hanoverian regiments in British pay, and in these

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chapters some of the most striking and picturesque types of uniform are described and illustrated. Artillery and engineers, and general officers get special chapters to themselves.

For all those interested in the subject—and not all the drabness and severity of modern warfare will ever do away entirely with such interest—the book is one not only to read, but to buy and keep; and it is a marvel of cheapness at present book production prices. It is much to be hoped that war-time limitations will not prevent Mr. Lawson from carrying on his admirable work to the period when regimental dress lost its vivid and historic individuality and became purely utilitarian and in the most literal sense of the word—uniform.

"The Brotherhood of Arms." By Major-General Geoffrey Brooke. (Clowes. Price 6s.)

This is a light-hearted and cheerful account of the author's experiences in the Great War of 1914–1918, and will attract many readers for whom that war now seems somewhat out of date, and in no way to be compared in seriousness or horror with the titanic conflict now raging. The author, an officer of the 16th Lancers, was brigade-major to General Gough's 3rd Cavalry Brigade in the 1914 campaign; later on he was transferred in the same grade to the Canadian Cavalry Brigade under Lord Mottistone. He finished the war in command of his regiment, the 16th Lancers. His story is that of the operations in which he himself took part only, and is essentially a personal one; but he can never resist the chance to tell a good anecdote in connection with any of his experiences, even if it should be drawn from a period before or after the war. Highly readable and clearly the work of a genial and sociable personality, the book yet inculcates valuable lessons, rather implied than definitely formulated, as to the nature of modern war, the spirit of the British soldier and his officer, and the importance of the moral qualities in the field. There have been many longer and more pretentious works from the perusal of which one has risen after less entertainment and less profit.

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REVIEW GENERAL STUD BOOK, VOLUME XXIX

It is now four years since Messrs. Weatherby published the last volume of the General Stud Book, therefore the appearance of Volume XXIX is very welcome indeed as an up-to-date record of our bloodstock.

The secretaries of the Jockey Club are to be congratulated on this tome which has entailed much research not only into the records of foalings, but into the sales of our thoroughbreds to foreign countries. One turns automatically to the Newmarket December Sales of 1938, and notes a list of mares sold to Hungary, Italy, and Germany. The reviewer afterwards saw a number of these mares in the palatial studs in the former country with whom we are unfortunately at war with to-day.

Here these matrons of the turf, in Asti, Fines Herbes, Iberian Queen, Spring Morning, Sweet Lips, Sibylla, Contretems, etc., had foaled to such well-known horses as His Grace, Sansovino, Orpen, Pay Up, Cri de Guerre, Sandwich, and Flamingo.

One notes with interest that Messrs. Weatherby again stipulate the qualifications for admission to the G.B.S. in the preface, and one applauds their attitude as champions of the British thoroughbred by refusing to admit any family of doubtful pedigree within its pages, thereby upholding the "Jersey Act" passed in 1913.

Within recent years there have been attempts from American and French quarters to have this Act repealed, and American breeders in particular advocated and urged the opening of our Stud Book to every horse entered in the American volumes! The culminating point in this onslaught on our guardedly preserved volumes synchronized with the Ascot Gold Cup race of 1936, when that game mare Quashed beat the American invader Omaha. The fact that both animals were debarred

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from entry in our G.S.B. was somewhat ironical, although it was a rare coincidence, but it gave the agitators a little impetus.

Quashed carried an impure strain in her pedigree on her dam's side, for Verdict came from a line of mares bred by the late Lord Coventry which were all ineligible for entry. Foreigners regard our bloodstock industry with envy and are forever prophesying that we will have to go further afield to replenish our blood stock, which is on the wane!

However, there is no grievous fault with our thoroughbreds, or our system. Such incidents as the mares Verdict and Quashed are bound to occur. If there is to be any criticism of our methods it is in the premature racing of our two year olds, if trainers will race their youngsters judiciously our blood stock will survive. It may not be a surprise to know that there are quite a few animals which contest the Beckhampton Plate at Newbury, usually raced for in the first week in April, which have not reached the age of twenty-four calendar months.

The premature racing of juveniles is greatly to be deplored, it is detrimental to the constitution, joints and ligaments of young horses to be subjected to the gruelling racecourse test and severe trials which take place on the home gallops. It is an indisputable fact that a higher percentage of stayers is produced on the Continent because young horses are allowed time to develop. Some celebrated French horses never put in an appearance in public as two-year-olds, namely, the unbeaten crack Clairvoyant who dominated the French turf, winning the Grand Prix de Paris and the Prix du Jockey Club. It might also be recorded that the good stayer Finis, the current Gold Cup winner who has been sold to New Zealand, never contested a race as a two-year-old.

The very judiciously raced Hyperides, by Hyperion out of Priscilla, whom Mr. A. Fawcett, the handicapper to the Jockey Club, has rated as fourth best of his sex (bracketed with Ujiji) at 9 st. 1 lb., when framing the Free Handicap for two-year-olds. Hyperides did not make his debut on the racecourse until the 2nd July meeting at Newmarket, and then only took part in

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three races. He may have been a backward colt, but it will be of interest to see if he will reap advantage from this nursing. Hyperides on his dam's side traces back to Ladas, a horse which made turf history in 1894, by winning the Derby for a Prime Minister of England. The late Lord Rosebery won two other Derbys with Sir Visto (1895) and Cicero (1905) respectively, but he was not in office on these occasions.

The new volume reflects the greatest credit on the compilers as a war-time achievement.

It is of more than passing interest to record that the first volume of the General Stud Book was issued during the throes of another European upheaval, i.e. the French Revolution, 1791 precisely, by Mr. James Weatherby, Keeper of the Match Book at Newmarket. F. C. H.

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